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NO. 1

## Official Directory.

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Lieutenant Governor—Walter Lyon.
State Treasurer—Samuel M. Jackson.
Auditor General—Amos H. Mylin.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—James Latta.

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I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evening at 8 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree 1st meeting of each month; 1st degree on second, 2d degree on third, and 3d degree on fourth meetings.
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I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment No. 273 meets the First and Third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
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*All Saint's Memorial Chapel*—East Smethport—REV. J. HENRY MCCANDLESS, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 2:00 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

*St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church.*—Rev. Michael [illegible], pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each alternate Sunday at Smethport and Clermont.

*Union Services* at King's Corners school house, East Smethport, every Sunday. Sunday School at 2:00 p. m. Preaching at 3:30 p. m. by Rev. T. R. Taylor.

*[illegible]*—REV W. BURROWS, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 10:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 11:30 a. m.; Class Meeting, 10 a. m. and after evening preaching; Children's Meeting, Saturday 2:30 p. m. All are invited.

*[illegible] church*—J. M. Leach, pastor. Services every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. Sunday School at 1:30 p. m. Gospel Service Wednesday evening. All are invited.

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## A Cottage By The Volga.

By STEPNIAK,
Author of "Underground Russia," "Saved by the Stars and Stripes," Etc.

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### CHAPTER I.

The night express was rushing across the last 50 miles of country before S——, one of the chief towns on the Volga. The lights in the villages by the way had long been put out, and all the huge plain by the right bank of the Volga was a stretch of unbroken blackness. *Cornfields*, meadows, black masses of forest, were all swallowed up in it. Here and there stood like ant hills clusters of low huts with their pointed thatched roofs—the dwellings of the poverty stricken Volga peasantry—and behind them, at a little distance, were the tall stacks of newly harvested corn, more regular in shape than the huts, but easily mistakable for them in the darkness.

The moon had not yet risen. A gentle night breeze, blowing from the great river, languidly drove along the gray clouds that overhung the sky and shut out the starlight with their thick veil. A fine drizzling rain was falling.

A belated tradesman, returning from the town, could hardly see the black, winding road and, flinging the reins aside, left his horse to find the way for itself. The careful horse, *treading* drowsily and warily, glanced from time to time at the low railway line crossing the black plain, hardly visible in the darkness. The thin lines of glittering rail, running *straight* as an arrow over the broad sleepers and disappearing whichever way one looked in the dense blackness, had set up a faint, hardly audible hum, heralding the approach of the train. From somewhere in the far distance came the long, low whistle of *the engine. The horse pricked up* its ears and neighed, sniffing the air. Its master gathered up the reins and turned a little aside from the embankment. In a few moments two fiery eyes appeared on the horizon. The rails gave a sharp ring, and the train swept along the smooth line with the coquettish motion of a skater on the ice and fled roaring past like a whirlwind in a cloud of smoke, lighting up the spot for an instant and flinging a crimson glow on to the low clouds that hung looking down into its fiery entrails.

There was something festive and triumphal in this long row of brightly lighted moving palaces—so they seemed—that flew so swiftly and so easily, as at the waving of a magician's wand, past the *sleeping* villages and black fields and woods, laughing at space and darkness and foul weather.

There is something of this look about a ballroom, seen from the outside, glittering with light and gilding, with the band playing and the gorgeously dressed *dancers flashing before the plate glass* windows. [illegible] standing outside in the cold and darkness, involuntarily thinks of happiness and merriment and pleasure. But there are often *hidden tears in ballrooms*, and in this flying palace a gloomy drama was being enacted.

In a reserved first class compartment about the middle of the train sat three passengers. Two of them were in military uniforms, blue, edged with white, *showing them to be gendarmes*. The third, evidently their prisoner, was in civilian dress. So far as one could judge from his slender figure and the fair, curly beard and mustache, showing from under the hat he had pulled over his eyes; he seemed to be young.

One of the *gendarmes* was *stretched* out on the seat fast asleep. The other sat in a corner, holding himself unnaturally upright and making desperate efforts to keep awake. From time to time, however, he nodded, then energetically shook himself and glanced suspiciously at the *young man* whom they were escorting.

The prisoner, leaning back in his corner with his legs stretched out before him, appeared to be sleeping soundly. His chest rose and fell slowly and evenly, and his quiet, regular breathing could be *heard in the intervals* of the rattling made by the train. But if any one had suddenly peeped under the wide brim of his felt hat he would have seen two gray eyes shining with a burning, intense watchfulness that plainly showed how far the young prisoner was from sleep. His brain was at work upon a plan of escape—an audacious, desperate plan—and now all his fate depended upon whether this red faced, thick headed gendarme should go to sleep or not. *From* under the brim of his slouched hat he watched without letting his attention wander for a moment.

The gendarme swayed to and fro like a long pendulum about to stop. Then he suddenly fell forward almost on to the head of his sleeping comrade and started up, glancing keenly at the prisoner, who remained in the same position as before.

Then the gendarme, satisfying himself that all was safe, would open his eyes wide and stare at the wall, struggling to keep his eyes open. Several minutes passed. The train rushed on and on, piercing the darkness before it, with the wheels beating out a regular tune as they turned. The windows kept up a weak, plaintive rattle, and the incessant jolting, softened by the springs of the thick cushions, acted as an irresistible soporific on the dull brain of a man unaccustomed to any mental activity. The gendarme nodded and shook himself oftener and oftener, and the prisoner, waiting in breathless agitation, counted the moments until his jailer should fall back and snore.

Suddenly, however, the gendarme roused himself. He remembered that a pipe was a capital thing to keep oneself awake with. He pulled out a tobacco pouch, carefully filled a short wooden pipe and, settling himself comfortably in his corner, put the pipe in his mouth and struck a match.

"Damn him!" whispered the prisoner to himself, closing his eyes in despair. His last hope had failed.

At this moment something fell to the floor. He opened his eyes quickly and saw, under the opposite seat, the pipe which had fallen from the gendarme's hand. Its owner was sleeping heavily, with the contented look settled on his face which it had taken when he shifted his position to smoke in comfort.

A delight, almost as painful in its intensity as the despair of a minute before, rushed over the soul of the young prisoner. It was as if freedom had suddenly appeared before him—as though there no longer stood between him and liberty a terrible obstacle which nothing but the merest chance could enable him to conquer.

He waited a few moments, then cautiously, pushed [illegible]

have been about 24 or 25 years old. He was above middle height and very well proportioned, and gracefully though not powerfully built. He had small, singularly mobile features, and a high forehead, slightly narrowing at the temples like the foreheads of many musicians. This, together with the columnlike, *feminine* neck, slender white hands and taper fingers, pointed to a nervous, impulsive, passionate nature, more fit for an artist, perhaps, than for a warrior. Such faces are not rare among the so called Russian nihilists and are by no means confined to the more peaceable members of that body. The general impression of nervousness and sensitiveness produced by the young prisoner's face was completed by the fine gray eyes, now shaded by the long lashes, now flashing out from under them with a fiery light. These eyes gave no security for steady determination and will power in their owner, but they showed the capability of that tremendous momentary energy which is peculiar to very nervous people.

The young man tapped his foot upon the floor in order to test the soundness of his escort's sleep and fixed his wide open, burning eyes upon him. Under this steady gaze the gendarme stirred in his sleep. The young man quickly turned his eyes away, and after waiting another moment to let the sleeper settle again into complete repose approached the window.

There was no time to lose. One more hour in the train and there would open before him the black jaws of a prison, from which maybe he should never come out to the daylight again. He had been arrested under a false name, and the police did not know who he was, but in the prison to which they were taking him there was an informer—once his comrade—who would certainly recognize him, and once recognized there would be an end of him.

His plain was as simple as it was desperate—to jump out of the train while

*The young man approached the window.*

it was going at full speed and, if he should neither be killed nor break his legs, get to the town and find his friends there. They would help him to hide until the first heat of pursuit was over, and then he could return to St. Petersburg. Fortunately he had succeeded in hiding from the stupid provincial police almost all his money, which was sewed into his clothing.

Both the doors of the carriage were locked, as he knew, but the window was wide enough for him. He let down the glass pane. The roar and rattle of the train rushed in, together with a current of fresh air.

*Neither of the* gendarmes moved. The prisoner thrust his head out of the window and looked out into the darkness. The tops of bushes flitted before his eyes. The train was passing through a copse of young hazel trees, interspersed here and there with dark masses of *weeds, from* under which he could catch glimpses of the whitish sandy soil.

"Just the right place," he thought.

But when he looked straight downward at the line he was seized with horror. The ground, which in front seemed only to skim along quickly, here flew past with maddening speed. *Plants*, stones, sleepers—all were confused together in one ceaseless, furious, deadly rush. In his brain, exhausted with long sleeplessness, there rose up a vivid picture of himself, crushed, mangled, torn to pieces by these twigs and logs and *stones*. A *sigh*, almost a *groan*, burst from his lips. The weak flesh shrank and begged for mercy.

But this was only for one moment.

"Now or never," he said to himself. Standing up on the cushioned seat, he climbed on to the window, letting both feet hang down outside.

"Stop! Hold him there! Catch him!" suddenly muttered a voice behind him.

He looked back in horror. It was the gendarme, speaking out in his sleep, with some dim half consciousness of what was happening.

*Without losing* a moment the prisoner sat on the window sill, hung over, slipped down, and, leaning on his right elbow, hung over the rushing black gulf beneath. He began to grow giddy with the terrific noise, the rushing wind stifling him with smoke and the rain of hot coal dust driving in his face. At this moment the train turned round to the right, almost flinging him off with a jerk. Another instant and he would have lost consciousness. But he still kept firmly in his mind the instructions that he had given to himself when *thinking* out his desperate scheme. Feeling with his right foot for a firm point of resistance and trying to keep as nearly as possible the direction of the train's movement, he threw himself sharply forward with a sudden action of both foot and hand and flew off into space.

It seemed to him that he was flying on and on without end. The whirlwind ceased, and still he flew on through space. He felt as though he should never stop. Had he really jumped? Was it not a dream?

Suddenly something struck against him, as though a huge scythe had cut his feet off. Then followed a violent blow, which flung him down on his face. He saw sparks flash before his eyes [illegible] lost consciousness.

### CHAPTER II.

[illegible]

beams the damp earth, the villages and the motionless figure lying by the railway line. A fresh breeze began to blow. The clouds in the east grew paler, awaiting the dawn, and still the dark mass lay motionless, and now in the *faint dawning light bloody spots* began to show on the white sand about its head.

A little band of quickly moving white smoke appeared once again on the horizon and under the smoke a black line. It was the first goods train of the early morning. It came nearer, with its long chain of gray carriages—nearer and nearer—and then, with a deafening roar and rattle, passed by, making the ground shake as it went. *The* engine driver opened the valve, and a shrieking whistle pierced the damp morning air.

The inert human mass shuddered and writhed, and at the last harsh sound the man regained consciousness, sprang up and, driven by some panic of terror, *started off to run, leaping and stumbling* among the weeds and bushes.

The train went off in the distance, the noise died away and the fugitive gradually came to his senses. He stopped.

"I needn't run," he thought. "There's no one following me."

At first he quite believed that the train which had startled him to consciousness was the same from which he had so successfully jumped; but, *looking at the sky, and seeing that day was* dawning, he soon realized that this could not be and that he must have lain insensible for a long time.

He pulled his watch out of his pocket, but it had struck against a stone and was broken. From the color of the sky, *it must now be about 4 in the morning.*

Something warm was trickling down his forehead.

He touched it with his hand—it was blood! His face was all smeared with clotted blood.

"I'm in a sweet state to show myself to people!" *he thought.*

But how was he to stop the bleeding? The wound was not serious, but it was extremely inconvenient at the moment. He opened a little knapsack, which he *had hung over his shoulder and forgot to take off*, but there was nothing in it except a pocket handkerchief and some writing materials. Fortunately there were some weeds with thick, milky stalks growing near. He picked several stalks and, squeezing out the sticky white juice, smeared it on the wound. The bleeding stopped.

"That's all right," he said to himself joyfully.

The only thing left for him was to get away from this dangerous spot as quickly as possible. To walk to the town was out of the question. *He* could not reach it before midday, and by that time the whole police force would be on the lookout for him and he trapped like a rat.

He decided to go across country at hazard toward the nearest dwelling. There he should find out what to do next.

He crossed the line quickly and went straight southward, cutting across the road which ran parallel to the railway, and with a sense of delight penetrated into the thicket, which seemed to tenderly receive him and hide him in its embrace.

He walked on for about half an hour, glancing from time to time at the whitening east in order not to lose his way.

Beyond the copse was a wide open plain, in which a man could be seen at three miles distance. After the thicket he felt a kind of shrinking from walking in the open plain. Anybody could see at a glance that he was not a native *of the place, and then that traveling* knapsack—he wished he had thrown it away in the thicket. It would be dangerous to leave it in the open field.

In front of him was a freshly built stack. The fugitive approached it with the intention of hiding his knapsack in it, but *glancing backward* perceived at 100 paces from him two peasants, whose faces he could not see clearly in the dim light of the dawn. One was a youngish, dark haired man, the other old and gray headed. They were both dressed in greasy sheepskin "touloups" and were *standing still with their arms* hanging loosely beside them. Although they were looking straight at him their expression was so indifferent and apathetic that he felt convinced they had *not noticed* him. He went up to them.

"Good morning!" he said.

"Morning!" answered the elder.

"Can you tell me," asked the fugitive, "where I can get a horse and trap about here?"

The peasants exchanged glances.

"Well, *of course, you* can get a horse in the village," said the elder one. "Where may you be from?"

"I'm traveling through here," answered the young man, "and I missed the last train at the station. I didn't want to wait till the morning train, because I'm in a hurry, so I *started* to walk and lost my way. I've been wandering about all night."

"I see. Of course you didn't want to wait. It's only three hours' walk to the town," said the peasant. "But how did you come to lose your way? The old road runs beside the railroad all the way."

"He guesses—confound him!" thought the young man.

"Well, you see," he said aloud, "I wanted to get a short cut that a man at the station told me of. And then somehow I lost my way," he added, trying to get out the difficulty in any way.

Not a single muscle moved in the peasant's naive face.

"I see," he said good humoredly. "*It's easy to lose one's way in a strange* place. You don't come from hereabout I doubt?"

"No. Well, can you tell me the way to the village?" said the young man, wishing to put a stop to this catechism as soon as possible.

"*Why, yes. You cross that field* and go up on to the hillock there," answered the peasant in a friendly tone and pointing with his finger. "You'll see some bushes to the left and a path through the bushes, but it's only a footpath, mind you. Well, you don't turn down there. Then you'll come to a windmill to the right of you. It belonged to the gentlefolk that used to own our village in the old time. Well, you don't go down that way. Be sure you don't, for the mill's empty. Our folk are breaking it up for firewood. But you go straight on, and you'll find a path all the way. Keep along by the path as straight as ever you can go, and you'll come out into some little hills, and there, down in the valley, you'll see our village. It's called Soukhomlia. That's always been its name, Soukhomlia. When you get there, you can ask."

"Thanks," said the young man and walked quickly away.

"Good luck to you," called the peasant after him.

The young man, without stopping, turned back and nodded his head.

"He's naught but a thief," declared the peasant when the young man was out of hearing. "He's stolen somebody's bag at the station, I'll be bound, and [illegible]

scribed them. But he did not follow the direction to go straight on. The instinctive desire of a fugitive to destroy his tracks made him abandon his first *plan and turn to the left*. The thicket attracted him, and the path seemed fairly well trodden, so that he hoped to reach some habitation by it.

He walked on for a long time—a good two hours. The thicket was interspersed with little glades for some way; then a real wood began. *He had long ago* got rid of his bag, throwing it into a thicket.

A not very close observer might now have taken him for a manservant out of place, in search of his luck, and obliged by poverty to travel on foot. At any rate he looked dismal enough. He was very hungry and tired, and this, together with his sleepless night, had begun to tell upon him. But this did not trouble him much. He was far more worried by a sharp pain in one ankle and a numb *feeling* in the knee joint, as though it had received a blow. Evidently his desperate leap had not left him quite whole and sound.

Nevertheless he still trudged on and on. The wood grew more and more dense, and gradually changed in character. *Fine trees began* to be more frequent, and in time he found himself in a dark pine grove. The branches of the great trees overhung *the* path. As far as the eye could reach into the depths of the grove stretched long avenues of tall, red brown columns. The soil, friable and barren of undergrowth, was covered evenly, as with a carpet, with yellowish fallen needles, which seemed as if luminous with a faint light that lent something of the mysteriousness of a temple to the dusky arches.

The young fugitive, now hardly able to keep from sinking down with exhaustion, struggled on and on, taking no heed of anything, until he suddenly noticed light shining through the trees, and presently came out to the edge of the wood and saw before him a great sheet of water, all flooded with slanting rays of sunlight and glassy as a lake on a still day. It was the "mother Volga," the great Russian river which he so loved, and beside which his childhood had been spent. The road turned *sharply round to the right* beside the river.

The fugitive, with fresh energy, tramped on along the bank. He was sure to come upon houses or people now, and he hoped to find help among them.

On the opposite bank he could see villages, looking from across the river like toy models.

"If I were to undress, tie my clothes into a bundle on my head and swim across," flashed through his mind.

Certainly no better way of putting pursuers off the scent could be imagined. He was a good swimmer and could hope to make the dangerous crossing successfully. But he began to feel such complete exhaustion throughout all his body that he gave up the idea of tempting Providence a second time.

The entire population of the Volga banks joins in the [illegible] industry. He would be sure to find a boat somewhere that he could buy—seize, steal, if necessary.

### CHAPTER III.

Within half an hour he came to a bend in the river, where it flowed round a little wooded tongue of land. As he came into this tongue he caught sight of a boat in front of him, but it was not empty. He could neither hire nor seize it, for there was a girl sitting in it whom he saw at a glance to be a lady. She had evidently been bathing, and her wet fair hair was tied up into a heavy knot behind a sailor hat with a narrow brim, under which he could see a young, *finely cut face, regular and firm in* outline. She wore a blue cotton blouse, fastened at the waist by a leather band. Her arms were bare to the elbow. She had an oar in her hands and was slowly rowing toward the bank. She had brought the boat into the shallow water at the *sandy* edge and *was standing*, swaying it with her weight, just ready to jump out, when the young man, descending to the water's edge, came out from among the bushes and coughed to attract her attention.

"I beg your pardon," he began.

The girl turned her great, *startled* blue eyes on him and with a rapid sweep of her oar pushed the boat back from the edge.

"Don't be frightened, I don't want to hurt you. Stop!" he said.

But the shy creature would not hear him. She sat down beside the rudder and turned the boat round with her oar.

"Wait! I must speak to you. Oh, for God's sake!" he cried out.

The girl stopped.

"What do you want with me?" she asked, still keeping at a respectful distance.

She spoke in a low chest voice, pronouncing the words with a certain not unpleasing drawl.

"I must get across the river—to that *village* over there. *Lend* me your boat. I'll send it back to you. Take me across yourself. It won't be a great trouble to you."

The suggestion that she should row across alone with this unknown and fearful looking man frightened her altogether.

"I am not a ferryman," she said, and with a decided gesture turned the boat away from the bank, rowing with all her strength. The light little craft shot *like an* [illegible] the river.

When she had reached some distance from the bank and felt herself to be completely out of danger, she turned

*"I beg your pardon," he began.*

round. The young man was standing beside a tree, clinging desperately to a low branch to keep himself from falling. The last remnant of his strength had suddenly forsaken him, and he felt that he was on the point of fainting again.

His look made the shy girl's heart ache. She turned the boat back again with her strong hand, and rowing to the bank drove the keel on to the sandy bottom and sprang to land.

"What is the matter? You are ill," she said pityingly, and advancing toward him. "Why, you are all over blood! Have you been robbed? You're wounded!"

He looked straight into her kind blue eyes, and hope began to come back to him. He felt sure that this girl, whom fate had sent to him, would help him. But somehow he could not tell her a falsehood, and he put aside the suggestion that she herself had given him.

"No," he said, "I have not been robbed. I have run away. I jumped off a train and hurt myself."

"*Jumped off a train? Oh, how dreadful!* Why, what—what on earth"—

She wanted to ask what had induced him to take so desperate a step.

"I am a political. Have you heard of them?"

Had she heard! Her Vania—her dear *Vania, for whom she had prayed all* this year and whom she had wept for as lost—was not he a political too?

"A political! Why didn't you tell me so before?" she exclaimed.

He smiled.

"Well, you didn't give me much time," he said.

She smiled, too, remembering her absurd terrors. Their exchange of smiles made them feel like old friends. He looked attentively into her face.

"Haven't I met you before somewhere?" suddenly asked the young man. "It seems to me that I have seen you somewhere."

"No, I am *sure* we haven't met. I have not left home for three years, but that doesn't matter. I'll do all I can for you, just as if we were old acquaintances—for Vania's sake," she added softly, as if to herself. "Tell me what you want."

"I want to get to the *opposite* bank."

"All right. Get in."

She jumped into the boat, and he followed her.

"Give me the oar," he said. "I know how to row. You will have to row back again, and you'll get tired."

"Oh, no. I've often rowed across."

For some time they kept silence.

"Your face is covered with blood," said the girl presently. "There's a towel in that basket in the bows."

He took the towel, dipped it in the water and wiped his face with it.

"Sit down in the bottom of the boat. You will be more comfortable there."

He obeyed her like a child.

"Whom are you going to in the village?" she began again. "Friends, or have you relatives there?"

"I have no one there at all."

"No one! Then why do you want to go there?"

They had reached the middle of the great river and were quite alone between earth and sky. They could just see the shore on either side above the surface of the water. The trees and houses looked like tiny objects in a picture. From the bank their boat must have looked like a wee nutshell driven by the wind.

Thus thrown upon each other in the utter solitude of the wide water, they forgot the strangeness of their meeting and were natural and friendly with one another.

The young man smiled faintly at the girl's naive question.

"Do you know what 'covering one's track' means?" he asked.

"No, I don't know."

"Then I hope you never may have to know."

He did not try to explain to her. He was *so utterly* worn out that every word was an effort to him.

"Ah, I understand," she exclaimed suddenly. "It means making it difficult for people to follow and catch you."

He nodded his head.

"But how will you go on farther when you're so done up that you can hardly sit upright?" asked the girl.

"Oh, I shall manage," he answered. "I am resting now, and by the time we get to the other bank I shall come to life again."

She looked at *him incredulously* and shook her head.

"You don't believe me? You'll see."

"But you are quite ill."

"Oh, that's nothing. I shall pull through," *he* answered coolly.

The girl made no answer and fell into a brown study. She frowned a little, and a set, determined look came into her face.

"What are you doing? You're not steering right," he cried out, observing that *she* had turned the boat and was rowing down stream.

"I am going to take you home with me," she answered simply.

The young man could hardly believe his ears.

"Home with you! But why? Oh, you don't know what you are doing. Why, that may cost you"—

"I know. But what of that?"

She dropped her eyes as if embarrassed or trying to evade something. But her eyes shone under their lowered lashes, her breathing grew quicker and a bright, *transparent* color flamed in her cheeks. She looked radiantly lovely for a moment.

"But, look here. Why, you're one of us!" he said admiringly, lowering his voice to a whisper.

The girl raised her truthful, confiding eyes to his. [illegible] she answered. "[illegible] I be willing to do it without that? I—it's for *Vania's* sake. For all I know he may be in the same need as you, and perhaps God will remember me and send some one to help him too," she ended earnestly.

"She's a good, simple girl," thought the young man. It was a great temptation to him to place *himself* under her protection, but he fought against it.

"Wait a bit," he said, leaning forward and laying his hand upon her oar. "You surely are not living alone? Do you know to what you expose all your family by sheltering me?"

The girl hesitated for a moment and pondered.

"It doesn't matter," she said at last, freeing the oar from his grasp. "I'll take it all on myself. My people shan't know anything about it. What am I to call you?"

The young man did not answer at once.

"Why do you want to know my name? You will be counted as ten times more guilty if you know who I am."

"Excuse me, you have not understood my question. I have heard from Vania that your people hide their names. I don't want to know your name, but tell me what I am to call you. You can't live, without any name at all, you know."

She burst out laughing merrily, like a child.

"All right. Call me Volgin, in memory of our meeting," he said. "And for a Christian name you can call me Vladimir—Vladimir Petrovich. It's my real patronymic," he added gravely.

"Vladimir Petrovich Volgin. Very well. I'll remember. You're an acquaintance of mine, and I met you in the wood and invited you in. Will that do? No, no," she corrected herself hastily. "Not in the wood. I met you in Yermolovka. That's the village on the other bank. That will be better. We must cover your tracks."

She began to laugh again.

"You would make a capital conspirator," he said, smiling. But she took his words seriously.

"No, I will never be a conspirator," she answered, *energetically* bending over her oar.

He looked at her with a long, penetrating gaze.

"Don't be too sure beforehand, young lady," he thought to himself with youthful self assurance.

He had spoken the truth in telling her that he needed only a few minutes' rest to come to life again. He had already begun to recover from his exhaustion, and with his physical powers the instincts of the propagandist came back to him.

"Here we are at home," the girl broke in upon the silence.

She began to turn the boat round to the right bank. On the steep, high

*"Mamma wants to see you."*

bank he saw a little white house, half hidden by foliage. It had a high wooden roof, such as middle class country houses often have. In front was a little "pavilion," to the left were outhouses, and behind the house, stretching upward on the rising ground, was a large orchard.

Running the boat to land, Vladimir dragged it on to the sandy bank, and they made their way up to the house by a narrow path. In the entrance they were met by an old woman in a dark colored cap, who looked in astonishment at the stranger.

"Has mamma got up yet, nurse?" asked the girl.

"Oh, yes, she's waiting for you to come to breakfast, miss."

"All right. I will be ready in one minute. Just show Vladimir Petrovich the way into the pavilion. I'll come to you directly," she added, turning to him.

Vladimir followed the old woman, who, mumbling something to herself as she went, showed him the way. As they entered the pavilion she stopped her muttering and turned round to him.

"Have you come on business, sir, or are you a friend of Katerina Vasilyevna?" she asked, evidently in order to start a conversation.

"A friend," answered Vladimir, suddenly reflecting how stupid he had been not to ask the girl her name. He turned away to the window to avoid further questions.

The old woman made a low bow to his back and went away, softly shutting the door behind her.

Vladimir looked round him. The pavilion consisted of only two rooms. In the front room stood a washstand, a few wooden chairs and a large tiled stove. In the back room he could see a broad sofa, evidently used as a bed, and a little oaken table. On the wall hung several lithographs and a small bookcase.

In spite of her promise to come at once, the girl kept him waiting for some time. No doubt she was having a conversation with her mother. Vladimir made himself as tidy as he could and washed his head with cold water. His wound had quite left off bleeding. Then, in order to kill time while awaiting the decision of his fate, he went up to the bookcase and took at hazard the first book that came to hand. He opened it also at hazard. It was a story for children. Turning to the first page to look at the title, he saw, written in a clear copy book hand, "Ekaterina Prozorov, for good conduct and progress in her studies."

"Prozorov! So that's who she is!" cried Vladimir. "And Vasilyevna too. And she spoke of Vania! Yes, it must be! Now I understand [illegible] face was so familiar to [illegible] though! It can't be. [illegible]
Her rapid footsteps
as she came into the [illegible] see you. Come,
"Mamma wants "I have talked to
please," she said
her about [illegible] the book.
He showed [illegible]ours? Your name is Prozo-
"Is this you have a brother called
rov? And
Ivan?" [illegible]es. Why?"
"Yes, I [illegible] him," said Vladimir.
"I kn[illegible] clasped her hands.
Katia [illegible] Vania! Oh, where is he?
"Wh[illegible] happened to him? Is he alive?
Wh[illegible] well? We haven't heard of him
for a whole year. Oh, how glad mamma
will be! How stupid of me not to think
of asking you! Tell me, quick, how is
he?"

"It is three months now since I left St. Petersburg," said Vladimir. "I saw him just before I left, and he was quite well."

"Then why didn't he write to us?" asked Katia, in amazement.

"It has not been convenient for him to write for some time," answered Vladimir evasively.

"Well, come to mamma now. Make haste!" Katia broke in. "You can tell us everything there."

She caught hold of his hand unceremoniously and almost ran with him into the house.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Such Is Fame.

A Prussian officer in the German army has been in the habit of questioning raw recruits on simple matters of national history. Here are a few replies to his question, "Who is Bismarck?" "Bismarck was emperor of the French." "Bismarck is dead." "Bismarck is a pensioner and lives in Paris." "Bismarck took part in the campaign of 1870 and received a medal for good conduct." "Bismarck descends from the Hohenzollerns and was born on April 1." Of 60 recruits whom the officer had to instruct, 21 had never in their life heard the name of the Iron Chancellor.

### Negation.

This was overheard on the Bangor boat:

First Woman—If I married a man what drinked and I knowed he drinked when I married him I wouldn't never say nothing about it.

Second Woman—I wouldn't neither. He's got so bad now that she don't never expect nothing different.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

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BURT OLSON,
Editor and Prop'r.

SMETHPORT, FRIDAY, JAN. 7, 1898.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

COUNTY.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce me as a candidate for the office of Treasurer of McKean County, subject to the rules of the Republican party.

C. A. DUKE.

Duke Centre, Pa., Nov. 20, 1897.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce me as a candidate for the office of Treasurer of McKean County, subject to the rules of the Republican party.

JOHN W. CAMPBELL.

Kane, Pa., Jan. 4, 1898.

TOWNSHIP.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce me as a candidate for the office of Supervisor of Keating township, subject to the rules of the Republican party.

F. C. FREEMAN.

Gifford P. O., Nov. 22, 1897.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce me as a candidate for the office of Supervisor of Keating township, subject to the rules of the Republican party.

J. H. STRATTON.

Corryville, Pa., Dec. 1, 1897.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce me as a candidate for the office of Supervisor of Keating township, subject to the rules of the Republican party.

FRANK FRITZ.

Cyclone, Pa., Dec. 11, 1897.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce me as a candidate for re-election to the office of Supervisor of Keating township, subject to the rules of the Republican party.

LAWRENCE HERSOG.

Farmers Valley, Pa., Dec. 28, 1897.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce me as a candidate for the office of Supervisor of Keating township, subject to the rules of the Republican party.

N. U. HYDE.

East Smethport, Pa., Dec. 24, 1897.

C. W. CATLIN, the rising young attorney of Port Allegany, will be a candidate for District Attorney in 1899.

HON. F. C. LEONARD of Coudersport has been appointed Marshall for the Western District of Pennsylvania.

THE Free Silverites of Ohio are putting forth every effort to defeat Mark Hanna for United States Senator. Last Monday they succeeded in organizing the House by electing an anti-Hanna man for the Speakership. The chances are, however, that when the final test comes, Hanna will muster a sufficient force to re-elect him to the Senate.

IN another column will be found the name of John W. Campbell of Kane, announcing himself as a candidate for county treasurer. Mr. Campbell is one of our brightest young men and a thorough Republican. He was a candidate for the same office three years ago and although defeated for the nomination, he manfully went to work to assist in rolling up a large majority for his successful opponent, T. B. Clark. Mr. Campbell is a successful business man, having been in partnership with his father since 1888 in the lumber business at Kane and other places. He is a popular gentleman and makes friends wherever he goes. If so fortunate as to receive the nomination there is no question as to his election.

THE Swedish citizens of McKean county who constitute a large and intelligent body of Republican voters, have emphatically endorsed the candidacy of Hon. Charles W. Stone for governor. They have voiced the sentiment of the Northwest with respect to Mr. Stone and of the district, which he has so ably represented in Congress. Mr. Stone needs no introduction to the other sections of the State. His fame and reputation are national. His ability is unquestioned and his public services have been sufficiently important to entitle him to this distinguished honor. Mr. Stone's friends have made no extraordinary efforts at creating a political boom in his behalf, but he has developed quite a strength in all parts of the State that is most encouraging to them.—Oil City Derrick.

A TEN thousand dollar cage for the criminals of McKean county, in addition to the present jail, doesn't strike taxpayers favorable. Beside appearing [illegible] in itself, it looks like [illegible] every honest county [illegible] from it. Kane's regards to the session is not central as communications [illegible], but her railroad are also nearer the [illegible] excellent. We [illegible] than any penitentiary at Al[illegible] county. If $10,000 must [illegible] spent, let it be for a new jail. [illegible] spent, let county buildings in Kane, locate the above sum for that purpose give the citizens of Kane will build the court house and as tight a jail as fine a is in northwestern Pennsylvania there [illegible] a dollar's additional expense with the county. So long as county business must be transacted in Smethport, a small outlay upon the present structure appears all that is necessary. If a big outlay is to be made, move the county seat to some wide-awake center of population.—Kane Leader.

The above must have been written just after the editor of the Leader had eaten his Christmas dinner, as he was undoubtedly suffering from a severe case of indigestion. He states that Kane is nearer Allegheny penitentiary than any other town in the county. Well may it be. There is no one that will question that assertion. Then he says, "Locate the county building in Kane, give the above sum for that purpose and the citizens of Kane will build as fine a court house and as tight a jail as there is in northwestern Pennsylvania without a dollar's additional expense to the county." How extremely generous the editor of the Leader has become all at once. The grand jury at the last term of court must have had an inkling of the wealth stored away in the mountain hamlet when they ignored the bill allowing the county to build a bridge for the wealthy citizens of Kane. If you are possessed of so much wealth build your little bridge, but do not lose any sleep over the jail or court house being built at Kane. The jail is in need of extensive repairs and they will be judiciously made by the board of county commissioners. The jail has been insecure for years, and ought to have been repaired long ago, and so it would have been only for such kicks as on the man who drives the editorial quill on the Leader.

## WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 3, 1898.

The U. S. treasury starts into 1898 with a more pleasing outlook than it has had at the beginning of a year for sometime. There was a surplus of about $1,750,000 for the month of December, and is reasonably certain that with the exception of the present month and possibly April, when heavy quarterly payments on account of pensions have to be made, every month of the present fiscal year will show a surplus. It should not be forgotten that the payments made on account of the purchase of the Union Pacific Railroad were not included to make that December surplus. While this condition is gratifying to President McKinley and every Republican, it is especially gratifying to Chairman Dingley, who predicted many months ago when the extra session of Congress was considering his tariff bill, that the government's financial condition would improve, just as it has done under the operation of that bill as a law. On Saturday, Mr. Dingley furnished the Press Associations with a detailed statement of the revenues under the Dingley law and of the revenue outlook.

Judge McComas, who was popular in Washington when he was a member of the house and who has increased in popularity since he occupied a seat upon the bench of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, has forged ahead in the Senatorial race in Maryland since Gov. Lowndes, who is also very popular in Washington, withdrew in his favor, and the impression is now general that Judge McComas will be elected to succeed Senator Gorman. It is no reflection upon the other gentlemen who are candidates, active or passive, to say that the election of Judge McComas to the Senate would please more Republicans in Washington than the election of any other man named.

President McKinley is thoroughly alive to the meaning of the present attitude of the great powers of Europe toward China. He knows that they are after commerce as well as territory as far away as China, but it does want to keep the valuable Chinese trade it already has and to add to it, and, while not intending to get mixed up in any European deals or squabbles, it does intend to take whatever steps that may be necessary to protect American commercial interests in China. The U. S. has treaty rights in China which must be recognized by any power that acquires territory by any means in that country, and with that end solely in view, the President and his advisers are watching every move made by the powers of Europe in or towards China. In other words, we have nothing to do with the relations of China and other nations so long as our treaty rights are respected.

Notwithstanding the persistent efforts of a portion of the Democratic press to prevent contributions, the President's manly appeal for donations for the relief of the poor cubans, who are suffering for the necessities of life by reason of the conditions on the island and not for any faults of their own, has touched the charitable hearts of the country and substantial relief is pouring into Cuba by every steamer. Arrangements have been made for Miss Clara Barton, President of the American Red Cross, to go to Cuba with a staff of assistants to help the U. S. Consular agents in distributing the aid among the suffering. The President is much gratified at the prompt response of the country to his appeal for aid.

President McKinley will not send the nomination of Gov. Griggs to be Attorney General to the Senate until the nomination of Attorney General McKenna to the Supreme Court has been confirmed, but no delay is looked for in the latter.

This year, for the first time since 1893, when the death of Mrs. Harrison caused its suspension, there was no New Year's Day reception at the White House. President McKinley spent the day in rest, going for a drive with Mrs. McKinley in the morning, and receiving several personal friends during the afternoon and evening.

The Democrats and the assistant Democrats are trying hard to make it appear that the financial position of President McKinley, which is in strict accord with the platform upon which he was elected, furnishes a reason for the Senators who who are popularly known as "Silver Republicans" to break their pleasant relations with him but so far as can be learned it is labor wasted. Some of these would be mischief makers may be surprised when Senator Wolcott makes his promised speech, explaining the trip of himself and colleagues to Europe in behalf of international bimetalism. Just before the Senate took its holiday recess Mr. Wolcott said that he hoped to be ready to make that statement about the middle of January.

### THE POETRY OF PROTECTION.

Just a little dollar on its mission sent, makes a lot of people glad each time the coin is spent. You pay it to the butcher, for meat to give you strength; he takes it to the grocer from whom it goes at length, some pretty bit of cloth or lace his better half to buy, or helps to get her winter hat to make her rival sigh. The dry goods man sends on the coin to pay his market bill, and though the coin is often spent, it stays a dollar still, and every time 'tis spent at home, some act of good is done in "booming" local industries, ere setting of the sun.

But if you take that shining coin and break the local chain, the chances are that from afar 'twill not return again. If once it passes out of town, the butcher and the baker, the grocer and the dry goods man, the cook, the undertaker, the carpenter the carriage-wright, the blacksmith, every one, will lose the chance to touch that coin ere setting of the sun.

Just keep the little coin a-going, just keep it moving well, and, every time it changes hands somebody's goods 'twill sell. That single little dollar has thus a wondrous power to make somebody better a dozen times an hour. It pays the bill and wards off ill, and ne'er its power relaxes to sooth the doctor, buy the coal and pay for clothes and taxes.—American Economist.

Two attorneys who displayed Carson City proclivities before a Kansas City judge last week were told by him to step into a private room and fight it out and he would see fair play. The judge has struck the proper chord, but he might have gone a step farther and given the witnesses, who are generally browbeaten by attorneys, a chance to take a fling at some of the warlike lawyers.

The Sun

may shine brightly and the birds may sing their sweetest songs but if your stomach is not right there is no happiness for you. Keep a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin in the house and use it according to directions and the sun and birds will not shine and sing in vain. Constipation and indigestion cured. Trial size 10c (10 doses) and in 50c and $1.00 bottles. Of A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Miss Allie Hughes of Norfolk, Va., was frightfully burned on the face and neck. Pain was instantly relieved by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, which healed the injury without leaving a scar. It is the famous pile remedy. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

A. B. Armstrong & Co. guarantee the American Silver Truss to give entire satisfaction or refund money.

Good house and lot for sale. Inquire at this office or of the undersigned.

tf M. S. COLLINS.

## QUALITY AND PREPARATION OF FOOD.

"The world is yours, that which is good select; and being wise all evil things reject."

It is with some hesitancy that I endeavor to take a few moments of your time this evening, in considering the quality and preparation of food. I do not need to call your attention to the fact that there are many in this audience much better qualified by education and experience to discuss this question than I am. However, I will endeavor to express a few of the truths that have come under my notice during some years of experience as a housekeeper.

As a commencement toward its consideration I wish to say a word relative to the place that cookery holds in many of our homes. Good cooking is an art, and should be so regarded. But we find comparatively few women who are anxious and willing to become artists in that line. Many say, "Good cooks are born not made." When they have said this, they have excused themselves for any lack of interest or responsibility they have evinced. Our daughters are taught language, literature, music, art, painting and dancing, but in nearly every case when their education is pronounced complete, they know nothing of the composition and preparation of the food necessary to sustain their bodies and make life a pleasure instead of a drag; themselves strong, robust and rosy instead of whining, complaining invalids. Much of the comfort, health and happiness of our homes depend upon the food we eat and the way in which it is prepared. "A great many of the sins of the world depend and are traceable directly to inferior food, poorly prepared. A carnal stomach has often more to do with sin than a carnal heart."

A popular writer has said, "You may make a home enchantingly beautiful, you may hang it with costly pictures, have its rooms clean, airy and convenient, but if the stomach is fed with sour bread and burned unsavoury meats it will raise such a rebellion that the eyes will see no beauty in any thing. Let the coffee for breakfast be muddy, cold and poorly flavored, the tea for luncheon boiled and boiled indefinitely and the bitterness of the mixture will add a rancor to the entire pursuits of the day."

Time will not permit the mention of but a few articles of food to-night. I have selected these among the commoner food products: Meat, bread and vegetables, touching incidentally upon eggs and cheese.

It is said, "Things done by halves were better left undone, the most sought workman is the careful one."

In the beginning women should make a study of food; what roasts and boiling pieces furnish the best and largest amount of meat; what kinds of steak are the tenderest. In a degree this is largely a matter of taste as far more depends upon the way it is treated after leaving the hand of the butcher. In preparing steak first remove all rough ends and tough outside skin, (these can be used for making stock) pound carefully, grease a wire toasting iron and place the meat upon it and place it over an open fire. As soon as the heat begins to start the juices of the meat, turn quickly and continue to do so until the meat is sufficiently cooked. Salt both sides of the steak carefully before turning for the last time. Serve upon a hot platter immediately. The advantage to be derived from broiling steak, lamb chop, ham and bacon is in the fact that the juices of the meat are retained instead of being in the bottom of the frying-pan.

To prepare a roast of beef for the table, wipe off the outside of the meat with a damp cloth that no dirt may be clinging to it. Place the pan in which it is to be roasted over the fire until it is very hot, then sear the outside of the meat upon this heated surface to prevent the escape of the juices, salt and pepper carefully and place in a quick oven. Baste often until well done. Remove to a hot platter and serve upon well heated plates. Nothing detracts so much from the quality of food as cold dishes.

Boiled meat, fresh or salt should be cleaned in like manner. Place in a kettle and nearly covered with salted boiling water. Place over the fire and allow it to boil fifteen minutes, then remove to the back of the stove and let it simmer until it is thoroughly done. Pork requires a much longer time to roast than beef. After cleaning, salting and peppering, dust over the outer surface a little powdered sage. Rub the roasting pan with a clove or garlic, put in the meat, add a little boiling water and put in the oven. As it requires a longer time to roast, the oven does not need to be so intense. Veal, mutton and lamb also require roasting a long time. And right here let me urge upon the housewives present, if they are not already possessed of one, the great benefit and advantage to be derived from a meat-grinder. The farmer believes that he cannot derive as good and plenteous results, with as little labor, without the use of many of the improved methods of sowing, dragging and reaping, etc. This is no doubt true, and equally true of the household department over which his wife presides. There are a few improved implements for use in the kitchen, without which time is wasted and the best results not attained. The meat grinder is one of these. A great variety of articles can be ground in it—meat, cooked or raw, dry bread for rolling purposes, bread pudding and dressing for roast chicken and turkey, horse radish, hard boiled eggs, cooked beans for soup, etc.

An excellent dish for the tea table is veal or beef loaf: Three pounds of veal ground fine. Place in a kettle, and add one pint of boiling water, and cook thirty minutes. When cool add three soda crackers ground fine, two eggs beaten stiff, salt and pepper to taste, one-half teaspoonful of mace, and one-half cup of sweet cream. Mix well together and roll out with the hand into a long round loaf. Sprinkle with finely ground bread crumbs and pour melted butter over the top. Place in the oven and cook thirty or forty minutes. When cold serve cut in thin slices.

When we turn to bread we are bewildered at the infinite variety and quality of bread.

Nearly every housewife has her pet theory and ideal of what bread should be and how to proceed to make it. Bread can be divided into many divisions and subdivisions, chief among which are brown and white bread and steamed and warm breads. An excellent recipe for white bread made with yeast and one that took the highest premium at the food exposition, recently held in Philadelphia, is as follows: One quart of the best white flour, well heated. I prefer Thornton and Chester's flour. Rub well into the flour a liberal teaspoonful of good butter. In nearly a quart of water quite warm, put a teaspoonful of salt and the same quantity of sugar. With the flour and water make a batter, to which add one compressed yeast cake, dissolved in a little warm water. Beat thoroughly until it appears light and frothy. Cover and set in a warm place to raise. When very light mix with flour and knead, endeavoring to get the right quantity of flour at first, as it is not best for the quality of the bread to keep adding flour while kneading. Knead gently, until the dough is smooth, firm and velvety. Again set to raise in a warm place until thoroughly light. Place on the board, divide in half, and lightly knead into loaves. This will make two loaves. Allow this to raise again for the third and last time. When light place in a hot oven, gradually cooling as the bread bakes. If compressed yeast is used, this bread should be set in the morning, home-made yeast at night.

For entire wheat or graham bread use one quart of flour, a scant quart of water, three-fourths cup of molasses, one tablespoonful of butter and one yeast cake, compressed, dissolved in a little water, and a teaspoonful of salt. [illegible] it is warm. The brown flour will be slower in rising than the white flour. When light knead thoroughly with as little flour as possible. Let raise again and then lightly roll for the pans. When again light place in the oven, with a moderate heat, as it scorches very easily.

In the steamed breads nothing is more delicious than a golden loaf of steamed corn bread. I have tried many recipes, but the one I am about to give you is superior to all others, and no doubt will sound familiar to many of my hearers: Two cups of sweet milk, one cup of sour milk, one cup of white flour, two and one-half cups of yellow corn meal, one overflowing cup of molasses, one teaspoon level full of soda. Dissolve this in a little warm water. Steam four hours. One half teacupful of raisins or figs may be added if desired.

I cannot pass from the warm bread line, without referring to the toothsome buckwheat cake. I am aware from personal experience that there are many housewives in this State that do not understand producing a well prepared article. Probably there are none of this class within the sound of my voice, but if you will allow I will give a tried and trusted formula: One quart of warm water, one cup of entire wheat or graham, one compressed yeast cake dissolved in a little warm water. Mix the ingredients well together, cover and set in a moderately cool place to rise. In the morning add a small teaspoonful of soda dissolved in enough warm water to reduce the batter to the proper consistency. Do not leave too thick, as it makes the cakes seem tough and leathery. Eat hot direct from the griddle as nothing spoils buckwheat cakes or any other kind of cakes like piling them up to steam and sweat each other, making them soggy and indigestable. When you add delicious butter and golden maple syrup, a smoking hot dish of baked or French fried potatoes and a platter of brown, crisp bacon, a dainty dish of delicate buttered toast and finely flavored well prepared coffee you have a breakfast fit for a king.

Regarding potatoes and other fresh vegetables there is one general rule, all fresh vegetables should be cooked in slightly salted boiling water. However there are as many modes of preparation as there are people who cook them. I will therefore only suggest one way of cooking potatoes.

In a round baking pan slice eight or ten good sized potatoes, previously boiled. In a frying pan upon the stove, place one tablespoonful of butter and when melted add one heaping tablespoonful of flour, stirring until a creamy paste is formed. Then slowly add two cups of warm milk, one teaspoonful of minced onion, one half teaspoonful of nutmeg, pepper and salt to taste and one bay leaf, adding a sprig of parsley the last thing. Then take the yolks of two eggs, and one-half teacupful of sweet cream, beat together and add to the above mixture. Pour over the potatoes. Sprinkle the top thickly with grated cheese, covering that with grated crumbs. Pour a little melted butter over the top. Bake thirty or forty minutes in a slow oven. Serve from the baking dish.

I feel sure that not many housewives fully understand the many uses that cheese is adapted to. An entire evening might be profitably used regarding it. Prominent among these good things are cheese straws, ramekins, welsh rabbit, cheese balls, etc. These are best understood when practical illustrations are made.

We understand in a measure the value of eggs in household economy. But I believe that we are only commencing to understand the various ways, both palatable and attractive in which they may be prepared. I would like to give a reliable recipe for making a breakfast omelet: Separate three eggs, beat yolks stiff, adding a pinch of salt, two tea-spoonfuls of water, three table spoonfuls of rich milk or cream. Add the whites of the eggs beaten stiff to the yolks. Grease a pudding dish with a cover, top and bottom. Place in a pan of boiling water or in a steamer, and steam 15 minutes. When taken from the steamer, sprinkle the top with finely minced ham and fold over once, placing upon a hot platter.

I am passing by soups, salads, pies, cakes and fancy desserts deeming the substantials of more use.

But upon second thought I would like to give a recipe for mince meat, which most of people enjoy: One pound of suet, five pounds of clear meat, cooked in slightly salted boiling water, two cups of finely chopped apples to one of chopped meat, four pounds of English currants, three pounds of seeded raisins, one pound of citron, one quart of preserved cherries, one quart of canned quinces, four oranges, peel, rind and juice, two lemons, rind and juice, two quarts of [illegible] syrup, one quart of boiled cider, one pound of sugar, one teaspoonful of nutmeg, cinnamon, cloves and [illegible]. Take syrup, cider, sugar and spices, place on the stove and let it come to a boil. Then pour over the other ingredients, which have been previously well mixed. Then place on the stove long enough to scald all together thoroughly. Then put in quart jars and set away for use.

There is perhaps no one article found upon our tables in which there is greater diversity of opinion in selection and preparation of than in tea and coffee. Mrs. Rorer, of Philadelphia, the celebrated cook, says, that the machine made teas of Ceylon and India are the best. The most free from impurities. To make good tea use one teaspoonful of tea to each person. Place the tea in an [illegible] [illegible] made for this express use. [illegible] twenty-five cents. Place the [illegible] pot in which you are to serve the tea, pour through and upon the tea enough fresh boiled water to make the desired quantity. Have the teapot well scalded before making the tea. Let it stand five minutes on the table before serving. [illegible] good article this makes [illegible].

In making coffee use [illegible] which is considered [illegible] Java. If you do not [illegible] buy only a small quantity [illegible] unground. [illegible] one tablespoonful of coffee to each person and one [illegible]. Mix well with a small portion of the white of an egg and water. [illegible] cloth bag, place in the coffee pot which has been well scalded and then pour sufficient water through and over the bag to make the quantity of coffee desired. Let stand over the fire until almost [illegible], then place [illegible] until served for coffee is [illegible] boiled. Serve with cream or hot milk in cups well heated.

Now in conclusion, I desire to say a word for the work of the one who prepares three meals each day for 365 days each year, whether on the farm or in the town. This is not a light or frivolous task. Upon her depends the task of deciding what foods are the most nourishing, what articles she can afford to use and what she has at hand to meet present requirements with. She must cater to the taste of all her family. The old, the middle-aged and the young. She must understand the needs of the aged mother at the fireside, the brawny and active husband, the rollicking boy, the infant at her side. Not much wonder that she shrinks at the magnitude of her responsibilities. Perhaps at the time of her entering upon these duties she was entirely ignorant of culinary arts. She may have been a favored child, anxiously shielded from care and responsibility. What is the inevitable result? She becomes worried, harassed, discouraged. The wastes of her household she cannot control. She does not know that the cup of stewed tomatoes left from dinner yesterday can be added to the gravy of the roast of to-day. That the cup of peas remaining from lunch may be added to the omelet for to-morrow's breakfast, that the single remaining raw tomato can be used as a garnish for her platter of cold meat for supper. That all cold mashed potatoes should be used for croquettes and puffs. Who shall teach her?

What is the remedy? How shall our American women become more proficient? The remedy will come when as housewives we demand a higher, more scientific education for our girls along these lines than was accorded us. That we urge upon the management of our public schools the necessity and advantage of a course of Domestic Economy. Let our girls be taught how to manage a home, how to cook well and economically. Our young women cannot manage servants, if they do not understand the minutia of housework in all its details themselves. When our girls are systematically taught domestic economy, rich and poor alike, then, and not till then will we smooth the path for many a poor wearied one whose responsibilities greatly exceed her practical education and working ability.

'Tis easy to march to the music,
With your comrades all in line;
You don't get tired; you feel inspired,
And life is a draught divine.
But it's hard to march in silence,
The road has lonesome grown,
And life is a bitter cup to drink,
But the soldier must not moan.
For whether life's hard or easy,
The stronger one keeps the pace;
For the desolate march and the silent
The strong soul finds the grace."

### Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. B. Armstrong & Co.

### Everybody Says So.

Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, act gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispel colds, cure headache, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. to-day; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

Have you seen "Solomon Isaacs"? [illegible] "Solomon Isaacs." [illegible] "Solomon Isaacs" [illegible] "Solomon Isaacs" [illegible]

### Communicated.

Have taxpayers any rights that school directors are bound to respect?

This is the question which is agitating the minds of the taxpayers residing in Stickle and Kent Hollows as they see their children trudge through the mud from two to three miles. The school directors of Keating township have thrown up the schools on Bush hill and in Kent and Reed Hollows, and have ordered the parents to send the children belonging to these schools to a new school which they have built on top of John McKeran's hill. Being in somewhat of a hurry, they omitted to get a deed for the land before building, and at last advices were unable to procure a title. The new school house is located two miles from the nearest scholars in Kent Hollow, and the farthest scholars have only to walk three miles. The Stickle Hollow children find themselves entirely shut out of school, as it is too far to send them to King's Corners or to the Reed Hollow school, owing to the trouble in getting a title to the new school grounds the new school house stands empty, while part of the Kent Hollow children walk three miles to Reed Hollow; two are too small to walk that distance, being only seven years old and stay at home; three others walk two miles to the Frisbee school taught by Miss Millie Patterson. This school is badly crowded. There are over fifty scholars on the roll and in order to keep up the school work Miss Patterson is obliged to be at the school house by 8 o'clock and remain until 5 o'clock. Miss Patterson is a very conscientious teacher and is doing her very best to meet the extra demand on her time and patience.

Now the school laws say that when there are more than fifty scholars in one school the directors are obliged to open another school. The law also declares the directors are obliged to furnish transportation when the children are obliged to travel on unreasonable roads. A leading physician of Smethport offers to swear that to compel children to travel over the famous Bush Hill road, up the Reed Hollow hill and over the notorious Randall hill road, which are noted for being impassable in winter on account of snow drifts, would be dangerous to life and health. To keep the roads open for foot passengers twice a day will cost the township more than the wages of three teachers.

The directors claim the average attendance in the Kent Hollow school was too low to afford a teacher this year. Owing to the children being vaccinated and the whooping cough being epidemic, the attendance was low, but is not likely to occur again. There are thirteen children between the ages of six and eighteen residing in Kent Hollow, and four scholars from Annin township (the Annin school board will pay tuition for them). The directors gave as one reason for closing the schools, the fact that they have run the township in debt $1,500, one of the directors allowing the insurance policy to run out on one of the school houses. When it burned they were obliged to run in debt to build a new one. They claim that abandoning these two schools will be a direct saving of $500 per year. Now the taxpayers want to be shown where the saving comes in in selling three good school houses worth in the first calculation $1,[illegible] for [illegible] $150, to their friends. But right here comes in the law again. School directors cannot sell school property without the consent of the court, and the taxpayers of Keating township believe Judge Morrison to be too honorable to lend himself to such a scheme. The new school house without furniture will cost some $500. The directors claim their scheme will reduce taxation. Does anyone believe it? They pay higher wages in Keating than Eldred, Liberty or Annin townships pay teachers, and we cannot see that our schools are any better than in other townships. Economy in the wages of teachers is poor economy, yet if the school board is in debt, lowering the wages of the teachers for one or two years would balance the books, and if the board were inclined to reduce the debts they might elect a secretary who would not require the board to hire a clerk at $50 a year in addition to his salary of $75 per year. The directors might avoid [illegible] new fangled [illegible], etc., until they were out of debt. The school board might recollect that "public office is a public trust," and that the law does not intend school directors to be tyrants and dictators. The taxpayers would warn them there is a hereafter coming, and should any of these men ask for office again he will find his [illegible] in this matter barring him from office.

Again we ask if the public have taxpayers any rights school directors are bound to respect?

INTERESTED.

### W. C. T. U. COLUMN.

The impression is quite general that it is time and energy wasted, that it is useless to distribute books and papers and hold services in jails, that it is not appreciated. The following letter is but one of many expressions of gratitude and kind acknowledgment of the work done here:

ALLEGHENY CITY, PA., Dec. [illegible], 1897.

Dear Madam and Esteemed Friend:

Judging by the kindness of heart which I feel assured you possess, I thought it possible that you might seem to feel that I had not forgotten the kind and unselfish interest that you displayed toward me while I was [illegible] awaiting the final adjudication of my case. I wish to assure you that the impressions for a better future course are still pregnant and fresh in my thoughts and indelibly impressed on my mind and heart. The resolves to return to my better self were brought out, or called forth by your untiring efforts in our behalf.

To see you and your kind Christian helpers coming Sunday after Sunday, and providing us with religious teachings and praise singing each, deep into my heart, for I was raised by Christian parents, [illegible] I had [illegible]. But conscience has been [illegible] and remorse has preyed upon me constantly, and I pray day and night that I may be forgiven the past. We have an excellent Chaplain, who takes a deep interest in poor, suffering, erring, unfortunate humanity. His sermons are like the sunshine, little spots in the [illegible] helpful [illegible] encouraging. Although incarcerated in prison, I feel thankful its environments are no worse. The rules [illegible] are all humane, gentlemanly [illegible] and kind. I have had no trouble in getting along [illegible].

The Warden and [illegible] have just returned from Mexico. They have been attending the Prison Congress at Texas, and visited Mexico by invitation of President Diaz of that country. I wish to say a few words of my opinion of the W. C. T. U. I wish to speak of their work wisely, generously frankly. My convictions that the high purpose of its life and work, their humility and open hearted and helpful sympathy, is the more effective in awakening a kindred feeling in the mind of the poor unfortunate, because it is unstudied, genuine, sincere. You are a member of that heroic band, a band whose name is inscribed upon the most imperishable monuments of the human race, and will continue in the future, as in the past, to be associated with that which is grand in character, sublime in genius and elegant and brilliant in the elevation of all humanity. Wherever they have acted, their deeds have been heroic; wherever they have spoken their eloquence has been triumphant and sublime.

Excuse so long a letter, but I feel all that I have written. I desire and hope to be remembered, and please convey my regards to all your fellow laborers. I bid you a sacred adieu.

### Beauty Is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin today to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Subscribe for the MINER.

WANTED—A position as book-keeper or stenographer by a young lady graduate. She is thoroughly prepared and anxious for experience. Moderate salary. She is one of the very finest writers in the State. Send for a specimen of her work if you have a position of any kind to offer. Address Bradford Business College of Employment, Bradford, Pa.

PALACE PHARMCY,

DR. BURG CHADWICK, Prop'r.

Retailer and Jobber of

**Drugs, Patent Medicines, Extracts, Toilet Articles, etc.**

SMETHPORT, PENN'A.

### Notice of Application for Transfer of License.

APPLICATION will be made by Chas. H. Moore, of the city of Bradford, McKean county, Pa., hotel keeper, to Hon. T. A. Morrison at Smethport on Monday, January 17, 1898, at 2 p. m. for the transfer of the license [illegible] by retail granted [illegible] [illegible], for the [illegible] [illegible] street, in the [illegible] ward of Bradford city, McKean county, Pennsylvania.

CHAS. H. MOORE.

keep your eye on

THIS SPACE

next week

These Days

your New Years' resolutions make you aim high to hit the mark of perfection. You want to be better than the best—here's one way—appropriate all that's best to your use.

Be Resolute

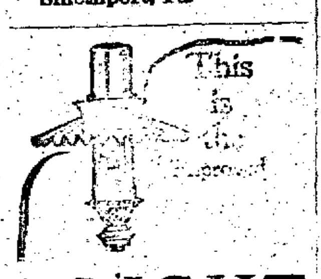
and buy your Drugs, Medicines, Toilet Articles, Druggist's Sundries, Books and Stationery at

McCoy's Drug Store,

Odd Fellow's Block. Smethport, Pa.

**Mason's Hardware,**

Smethport, Pa.



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| LIGHT COMPLETE, | $1.00 |
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| MICA " | .25 |
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**William Haskell,**

SMETHPORT, PA.

TABLE, HOUSEHOLD AND BED LINENS

Linen Direct from the Mill.

An unusually advatageous purchase of

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AND

Sheeting.

the opportunity is here to elect a considerable saving. In some lots the prices are lower by a half than usual and in none are they less than one third.

J. Colegrove.

MRS. G. C. PALMER,

THE UP-TO-DATE

MILLINER,

Is offering her present stock at cost. in order to made room for the spring offering. Be sure to call when in

OLEAN, - N. Y.

Home Comfort Ranges

CUSTER CITY, PA., Dec. 23, 1897.
WROUGHT IRON RANGE CO.,
St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen:—We purchased of your salesman a HOME COMFORT RANGE and are pleased to say it gives entire satisfaction. This certificate you can use in any manner you see proper.
Respectfully,
W. DYE.

BRADFORD, PA., Dec. 23, 1897.
WROUGHT IRON RANGE CO.,
St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen:—We purchased of your salesman a HOME COMFORT RANGE, and are pleased to say it gives entire satisfaction. None better. Would not take same money for it. This certificate you can use in any manner you see proper.
Respectfully,
A. C. PEASLEY.

CUSTER CITY, PA., Dec. 21, 1897.
WROUGHT IRON RANGE CO.,
St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen:—We purchased of your salesman a HOME COMFORT RANGE, and are pleased to say it gives entire satisfaction. This certificate you can use in any manner you see proper.
Respectfully,
L. BECKWITH.

CUSTER CITY, PA., Dec. 21, 1897.
WROUGHT IRON RANGE CO.,
St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen:—We purchased of your salesman a HOME COMFORT RANGE and are pleased to say it gives entire satisfaction. This certificate you can use in any manner you see proper.
Respectfully,
T. HOWARD.

NORWICH, PA., Dec. 27, 1897.
A. T. [illegible], Esq.,
[illegible], Pa.

Dear Sir:—Please accept our thanks for the reservoir cover to our steel range which we received through the kindness of Mr. Terens. We have had our range about seven years and to all appearances it is as good to-day as it was when the dinner was made on it. You could not buy the range now for what we gave for it seven years ago. Mrs. Dickinson says they are the finest range on earth and the most convenient for all purposes. Yours Truly,
C. W. DICKINSON.

Winter Is Here

and now is the time to buy

Cutters and Sleighs, Blankets and Robes.

We have the only replete stock in Olean and the price to suit the times.

Oak Leather Harness & Carriage Co.,

192 Union Street,

OLEAN, N. Y.

Sign GRAY HORSE.

**Anderson's Is the Place**

to go when in need of anything in the line of

Ladies and Gents' Fine Shoes.

A complete stock of

Lumbermen's Footwear

always on hand.

**Albert Anderson,**

SMETHPORT, PA.

To the Public.

The loss of my Livery Barn by fire makes it necessary for me to reduce my stock. I have for sale at reasonable prices:

| | |
|---|---|
| Horses, | Acme Stock Food, |
| Sleighs, | Pulsifer's Veterinary Medicines, |
| Cutters, | Daniels' Veterinary Medicines, |
| Harness, | Harness Oil, |
| Blankets, | Coach Oil, |
| Robes, | Axle Grease, |
| Whips, | Extra Thills, |
| Buggies, | Extra Poles, |
| Wagons, | Extra Buggy Poles, |

Come and see me. Office in Backus Block, Opposite Court House.

A. T. PALMER.

EMIL THAMM,

TAXIDERMIST,

Birds and Animals finely Stuffed and Mounted.

Manufacturer of Fine Cigars.

**Horses and Pianos**

We once saw a horse sold for ninety-five cents. He was just as high and just as long as any horse. This may not be an elegant comparison, but it applies. A low priced article is not a cheap article. A cheap article is not always low priced. A low priced piano is a questionable piano. A questionable piano is a bad piano. Hence buy the best—

BUY A CHICKERING.

It will cost you some money—all good pianos do. The difference is not so great, but the quality is beyond comparison. We exhibit all styles of Chickerings.

E. L. SMITH & CO.

Masonic Temple. Olean, N. Y.

# WE INVITE YOU TO BRADFORD

BECAUSE—We can show you a greater variety in our lines than any smaller store can carry.

BECAUSE—We buy more goods, and buy them lower than other stores. We would never invite you to come here if we could not save you enough to pay you.

BECAUSE—Our knowledge is valuable to you on most of these lines. It is our business to know what is best, and why—and we do know.

BECAUSE—Our warrant stands back of what we sell here, and of what we tell you.

The store that undersells the hottest competition in Bradford—always—is a good store for you.

LAMPS.

A gold trimmed Banquet Lamp with globe, $2.00. An enormous variety of lamps at other prices. Princess Lamps at $1.5

STOVES.

100 Different Styles. Small Portable Gas Stoves, $3.00. The best Heater ever sold at $14. Wood Heaters, Mantel Heaters, Pure Air Heaters.

CHINA.

A stock of China that is not excelled anywhere. We import all foreign China direct. Exclusive agents for Haviland [illegible] styles of dinner sets, $6.75 per set and up.

HORSE BLANKETS.

The "Stay on" Horse Blankets and all other styles. Stable Blankets, $1.15 up. All Horse Goods are here. Fur Robes in all furs. Lap Robes at any price.

OIL WELL SUPPLIES,

STEAM FITTINGS,

LUMBERMEN'S SUPPLIES.

No need to tell you that in those lines we are recognized leaders.

L. Emery, Jr., & Co.,

EMERY & WEAVER,

The Great Supply House.

BRADFORD, PENN'A.

LEATHER GOODS.

The finest assortment of Ladies' and Gents' Pocket Books, Traveling Cases, Card Cases, Etc., ever shown in Smethport.

We will also have a new line of Purses at prices from 75c to $10 each.

Bibles, Hymnals, Prayer Books and Testaments.

Stationery and Toilet Articles, Drugs and Medicines, at

**Armstrong & Co.'s,**

Opposite Court House. SMETHPORT, PA.

**Fall Millinery.**

My stock has recently arrived and for style and quality it cannot be excelled.

FALL AND WINTER DRESS GOODS.

My new stock of single patterns is unequalled in this section. All the latest patterns—no two alike.

LADIES' FURNISHINGS.

Everything in this line that the most fanciful could desire. Don't fail to see my stock before purchasing.

Mrs. E. E. Chambers,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Where Are We at?

Our Office is at

Smethport, McKean County, Pa.

BUT

HOO-HOO.

We are with You if you wish to Buy

- Lumber
- Lath
- Shingles
- Siding
- Flooring
- Ceiling
- Moulding
- Doors
- Windows
- Screens
- Glass.

Only a sample order will convince you that You're with Us

Call and see us, or write us for quotations.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS,

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,

FURNISHING GOODS,

HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

# F. G. Lindholm & Co.

## Redction Sale!

With February 1st our business year closes. When we take inventory our stock must be greatly diminished. It must be as low as business will allow.

To bring this about we take the most effectual course—in inaugurating a sweeping

## Mark Down!

We Emphasize

Ladies'
Cloaks,
Fur
Collarettes,
Flannels,
Skirts,
Underwear.

We want to impress upon you that this is more than "newspaper talk". You cannot afford to go elsewhere for present or future needs.

## GROCERIES!

To beat them all.

## A Few Specimen Snaps

| | |
|---|---|
| Evaporated Peaches, | 9c |
| Evaporated Prunes, | 5c |
| Rio Coffee, | 10c |

## F. G. Lindholm & Co.

Dry Goods, Groceries, Shoes.

Jan. 7, 1898. Smethport, Pa.

## THE NEW YEAR

is here and you can commence it in no better way than by having your picture taken. "See how you looked a year ago."

## DON'T FORGET

that I can give you better figures on crayons than any agent.

*THE LIGHT IS ALL RIGHT NOW TO SIT FOR PHOTOS.*

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer,
Smethport, Pa.

"SHOES."

We will send to any responsible person SHOES to select from. We have everything in

Fine Shoes

In styles and quality that cannot be purchased in any small town. We make a specialty of FINE SHOES; every width and size.

BURT & PACKARD'S Korrect Shape Shoes for Men. We refer you to our many customers in Smethport,

R. W. Bloodsworth & Co.,
Olean, N. Y.

Commence the New Year by Smoking

The American Gentleman Cigar.

You will never regret the good resolution you have started. For sale at all first-class cigar stands in Smethport and vicinity.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

SMETHPORT, FRIDAY, JAN. 7, 1898.

### LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Miss Susie Acre is on the sick list.

—Argument court was in session this week.

—See Haskell's new advertisement of gas burners.

—Harpers' Bazar and Weekly are exceptionally fine.

—C. A. Burdick remembered the MINER with calendars for 1898.

—Wm. O'Reilly is improving after a severe illness of several months.

—Andrew Perry killed a good sized wild cat in Perry Hollow last Tuesday.

—See the adv. of Ford's Red Front of Olean in regard to ready made clothing.

—Read the new adv. of McCoy's drug store. It tells you how to start the new year.

—Mrs. Eugenia Hamlin gave a progressive euchre party last Wednesday night.

—The jury commissioners met Monday and have been busy since filling the wheel for 1898.

—"Ike" Gleason has a change of adv. this week. He is doing fine work at reasonable prices.

—List of uncalled for letters week ending Jan. 1: Miss Mary Napp and Miss Ethel Patterson.

—The G. A. R. Post have moved their headquarters from the Backus building to the Odd Fellow's hall.

—The MINER is pleased to note that Dr. Barg Chadwick has been retained in his position as county physician.

—Renovo, with a population of 4184 according to the census of 1890, has 39 licensed hotels and saloons.

—The snow drift on Bush Hill has been removed and teams can travel in safety the entire road over the hill.

—The county commissioners made no change in the appointments last Monday. All the old force was retained.

—The county auditors met last Monday and adjourned for one week. They will commence their labors next Monday.

—D. C. Young starts the New Year with an interesting adv. telling of bargains to be found at his popular store.

—The subject of Rev. T. R. Taylor's sermon next Sunday evening will be, "Character Wreckers, or The Busy body."

—See the new advertisement of Mrs. G. C. Palmer of Olean, the popular milliner. She is offering bargains at her store.

—O. L. Bard has moved into the residence opposite his store at East Smethport and commenced housekeeping Tuesday last.

—H. W. Marcus has a new adv. in this issue in which he has something to say about the oil market, as well as cloak sales. Read it.

—Frank Brown of Bradford, who abducted little Grace Lee last fall, was lodged in Castle Davis last Monday in default of $500 bail.

—The G. A. R. and W. R. C. open meeting and public installation at Odd Fellows' hall last night was a pleasant and enjoyable affair.

—T. H. Purtle has his blacksmith shop up and the roof on. A. T. Palmer has a large force of workmen rushing his livery stable to completion.

—H. L. Hart, composition roller manufacturer, has sent out a very neat pocket calendar for 1898. They are just what any business man needs.

—Last Wednesday the Racket Store received a large stock of new goods at prices that will be a complete surprise. Look out for a new adv. next week.

—Last Wednesday Mr. and Mrs. Fred Block of Marvin Creek were in town and made out a deed of their farm to H. L. Stoner & Co., of Hazelhurst, consideration $7,500.

—The parties drilling the new well in Bloomster Hollow this week struck the fifth sand or what is known as the Haskell sand. This gives good indications of an oil pool near there.

—Wm Barry of Cole Creek had five sheep killed and twelve wounded by dogs last Sunday. The dogs were killed afterward. This will make quite a draft on the county sheep fund.

—On the editorial page will be found the address, "Quality and Preparation of Food," delivered by Mrs. Helen S. Morrison at the evening session of Farmers' Institute, Dec. 21, 1897.

—S. G. Bush gladdened the hearts of the MINER force Monday with good cigars and his compliments. A better selection for court house janitor than Mr. Bush, would be hard to make.

—The Buffalo Courier's Calendar for 1898 excells in artistic skill anything ever produced by that publishing house. The MINER is in receipt of one of these productions of master printer's art.

—Miss Helen McCoy visits Clermont weekly where she has quite a large class in music. To those who desire their children to take music lessons the MINER advises securing the services of Miss McCoy.

—Mrs. J. Husted and child, Grace, are confined to the house with diphtheria. Anti-toxine treatment is being used by Dr. Clark. The house has been quarantined. Miss Bertha Kerns is acting as nurse.

—Dr. and Mrs. Henry L. McCoy have issued invitations announcing the marriage of their daughter, Miss Grace, to Dr. E. E. Baker, which will take place at St. Lukes church Saturday Jan. 15, at high noon.

—A Lycoming county man boasts of a link of sausage fifty feet in length. The Muncy Democrat thinks he should next try and bake a buckwheat cake as big as a race track and invite his friends to breakfast.

—Nicholas Smith of Cole Creek had Arthur Francis of the same place arrested for assault and battery. A hearing was held before 'Squire Reynolds at East Smethport last Monday and a settlement reached.

—T. H. Purtle started up his forge last Wednesday and is now ready to do business. Give him a call when in need of anything in his line. He has a fine new shop and will soon have everything running in the old style.

—We are glad to learn that Mr. Frank T. Carpenter's work is to continue a feature of the *Illustrated Buffalo Express* during 1898. Mr. Carpenter is the most entertaining special correspondent in the United States to-day.

—The MINER is in receipt of the Philadelphia Inquirer Almanac in book form for 1898. This work is running over with useful information and ought to be in every business man's office and in every home in the land. It is a regular encyclopedia of information.

—At the home of the bride's parents at Port Allegany, Dec. 24, Miss Addie E. Hadley was united in marriage with Mr. Fred Mix, an estimable young man of Bradford. Miss Hadley is the daughter of Ex-County Surveyor M. J. Hadley and has many warm personal friends among her acquaintances.

—The party given by Misses Edna Townsend and Dora Keenan at the opera house last Tuesday evening was one of the most enjoyable social events of the season. About thirty couples were present, and all speak highly of the manner in which they were entertained. A number of out-of-town guests were in attendance.

—Last Monday the Bradford Star entered upon its 21st year and to fully celebrate the happy event put on a bran new dress and a fine new head. The Star presents a very attractive appearance and the MINER hopes that continued prosperity may be its portion and that it may remain true to the principles of Republicanism and protection.

—The C. L. S. C., will meet on Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 11, at their regular place, the Baptist lecture room. A full program has been arranged among other interesting matter the President's Message will be discussed. Anyone having anything to say on this important subject is cordially invited to be present. By order of the President, Helen S. Morrison.

—There was held an election of officers for the Junior Epworth League Tuesday. The following are the newly elected officers for the ensuing year: Superintendent, Mrs. D. L. Forsythe; Vice Superintendent, Mrs. M. L. Church; President, Charles Church; 1st Vice President, Myron Gallup; 2d Vice President, Martha Eckels, 3rd Vice President, Ruth Holmes; 4th Vice President, Dewly Davis; Secretary, Margaret Bierer; Treasurer, Rachel Mayo; Ushers, Sidney Burdick and Herbert Yerdon. This League grows under the wise direction of its superintendent, graduating from time to time members to the Senior League, now under the faithful presidency of Miss Mary E. Bosman.

—A new [illegible] in Bells Run was [illegible] who went up to [illegible] chase the [illegible] cloak at the popular store of H. W. Marcus at Olean and was much surprised to be presented with the garment. This does Mr. Marcus often surprise his many customers.

—Messrs. L. Emery, Jr., & Co., of Bradford, have a new adv. in this issue. For years this firm has called the attention of Smethport people to the great bargains they offer, and we have yet to hear of a single misrepresentation. They always do just as they say and their immense trade from this section verifies that. Read the adv. carefully.

—B. F. Cory of Coryville was appointed mercantile appraiser last week by the county commissioners. Mr. Cory was a dark horse and the appointment was a complete surprise. Mr. Davis being away, Mr. Young and Mr. Hungiville could not agree on any of the applicants. Mr. Young finally cast a ballot for Mr. Cory and Mr. Hungiville agreeing, the appointment was made.

—The eloquent clergyman exclaimed: "My friends, were the average man to turn and look himself squarely in the face and ask himself what he needs most, what would be the first reply suggested to his mind?" "A rubber neck" shouted the precocious urchin in the rear of the room and in the confusion which followed the good man lost his place in the manuscript and had to begin over again.—Puck.

—*The following receipt is said to be an infallible cure for all wounds caused by nails or glass:* "Place a match to a bunch of raw wool, permitting the smoke to penetrate the wound and all soreness will be removed. Repeat the smoking process if deemed necessary. Woolen cloth may also be used with good effect. It is an ancient cure, but one that is not generally known and if used will prevent death *from* lockjaw."—[illegible]

—Harper's Magazine for January will contain the first installment of "Roden's Corner," a new novel by Henry Seton Merriman, author of "The Sowers"; an article on "Stuttgart," by Elise J. Allen, profusely illustrated by Joseph Pennell; an account of one of the most savage of the Apache warriors, "Massai's Crooked Trail," by Frederic Remington, with illustrations by the author; and a paper on the achievements of "The New Northwest," by J. A. Wheelock, editor of the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

—James M. Tracy of Bradford, Pa., dropped in to see us last Friday while on his way to visit his brother, Rev. Father Tracy at Houtzdale. Mr. Tracy is one of the leading Democrats of McKean county and was postmaster at East Smethport *during Cleveland's first and second administrations*. He is also a brother of Father Tracy, at one time pastor of St. Francis church in this place. He had not been in Clearfield since 1865 and was *greatly surprised* at the many changes made since that time.—Clearfield Republican.

—Several years ago two young ladies, Misses Barr and Grimes, fell in love with two brothers by the name of Card at Roulette. Unknown to each other their wedding days were set for the same date. When this was discovered one of the young ladies concluded, in order to attend her friend's wedding, to postpone her own one week, which was accordingly done. Both were married and lived happily for several years, when both husbands died within just one week of each other. Recently the widows died exactly one week apart.

—The week of prayer services in the M. E. church are being held with marked and increasing interest. Rev. E. H. Latimer attended this, his first quarterly meeting for the conference year, preaching Sunday morning and also Monday and Tuesday evenings. Evangelistic services will be held during the coming week. The pastor will deliver brief addresses and prayers and conferences will follow. Subjects for next Sabbath: Morning, "Jacob at Peniel, or Prevailing Prayer," in the evening, "How God May be Found by the Sinner." At the close of the sermon here will be an altar service. The new book entitled, "Songs of the Lord, No. 2," will be used. The general public is most cordially invited to attend the services.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday evening Mendelssohn's oratorio "Hear my Prayer," will be sung by the full choir. This fine motett or short oratorio is one of Mendelssohn's best compositions and is written to the words of the first seven verses of the 55th Psalm. The beautiful soprano solo, "O that I had wings like a Dove," was written for Jenny Lind, the great Swedish singer. This fine solo is brought in as a soprano obligato in the last part of the work. The part will be taken by Miss McCoy. The rector will give an explanation of the traces of the Psalm, and an interpretation of the music. St. Luke's choir has become widely known as one of the best outside of our largest cities; and the rendering of this sacred oratorio is an indication of its high standard."

### The Lecture.

The lecture delivered by John Temple Graves at the opera house last Thursday night could only be appreciated by being heard. It certainly was a masterpiece of oratory and the Travelers Club are deserving of a high compliment from those who were so fortunate as to be present for providing such a rich treat. We are lacking in language to give the speaker proper tribute for the marvelous manner in which he handled his subject. Commencing with the newly created Adam alone in the Garden of Eden, and when he was blessed with a companion to share his joys and sorrows, the speaker took up his discourse on "Woman," and for one hour and a half he kept his audience intensely interested, all eager to catch the next word he fell from his lips. In telling of the trials that had confronted women in the six thousand years since the creation of man for their advancement, Mr. Graves vividly described the many hardships that had been endured by those who brought us into being, in their efforts to reach the sphere to which they are justly entitled. Mr. Graves has no superior in the lecture field and few equals, and the noble work that he is engaged in ought to endear him in the heart of the whole human family. May his life work be crowned with abundant success.

### To the Public.

The loss of my livery barn by fire makes it impossible for me to make my patrons quite as comfortable as heretofore, but am able to supply anything in the way of rigs and double carriages very promptly. My office is located in the Backus block directly opposite the court house, where I would be pleased to have my patrons make their headquarters and I solicit a continuance of your patronage. As quick as circumstances will permit I will provide suitable quarters to care for the transient trade.

Very Respectfully,
A. T. Palmer.

5t.3t

I have for sale one carriage, one light sleigh harness and one good bicycle. Would trade the above for a colt past two years old or pay cash for same. Call on or address:

R. H. Duntley,
Smethport, Pa.

### Ballard's Snow Liniment.

If you have a terrible pain in the small of the back, get a bottle of Snow Liniment. It will positively cure it and at once. Try it and recommend it to your friends. Sold at Chadwick's drug store.

[illegible] gay [illegible] and villages [illegible] ing some [illegible] cal board of [illegible] money, and so much [illegible] gas, and so much [illegible] freight reductions, and [illegible] These well dressed and [illegible] appearing visitors look [illegible] the leading arguments [illegible] as a reason why they should settle in our midst at once. While Port Allegany, for instance, they say, [illegible] of Smethport is much more in proportion to their expectations, especially the rock, gas and railroad rates of [illegible] are even more encouraging than any yet offered by Port Allegany, and new developments must immediately [illegible] or the inducements of Smethport be accepted. However, sufficient time is allowed to guard against any [illegible] in that respect.

Now, in Smethport the same well-dressed genteel appearing visitors seem to compare the whole [illegible] with the great advantages of Port Allegany. Our wonderful gas! Our [illegible] facilities! Our choice location!

To forego these profitable advantages much money, very much money, would have to be forthcoming to make up the difference. At this time the exertions of the rival towns; a [illegible] new auxiliaries in the shape [illegible] is heard from. Olean, Bradford, Lewett, Kane, Johnsonburg learn of [illegible] by a most mysterious agency [illegible] emanating from the well dressed genteel appearing visitors, and an excitement follows that throws the entire country into a dreadful commotion.

*These city ducks* always have to return to the city. It will be days yet before they shall decide where they will elect to erect their plant. It will depend largely upon the nature of communications yet to be received.

They depart! Then commences deputations of country folk to wait upon the recently departed, well dressed and genteel appearing strangers in their elegant hotel apartments in cities of New York or Chicago, as the case may be. A month of terrible suspense is passed, when at least intelligence is received that so and so offered the most money and its proposition was almost reluctantly accepted.

The Reporter offers the suggestion, free gratis, that the next time these gay individuals come to our town, to molest its peaceful [illegible], that they be required to put up [illegible] an earnest of good faith, to be [illegible] unless such and such be performed [illegible] them, in the event of receiving such money or other consideration, [illegible] if they do not dance to this community's music, that then the town [illegible] loose and the functions of [illegible] will be given the alien disturbers of our peace.—Port Allegany Reporter.

Judging by the tone of the above article Port Allegany [illegible] to be somewhat dissatisfied. [illegible] as the relations between the [illegible] Company and our board of trade [illegible] concerned, everything has been [illegible] in the most gentlemanly and [illegible] manner. The committee and [illegible] the above firm were most honorable in all their transactions, asking for [illegible] but what was fair and just. Why Allegany should have such an [illegible] kick coming is incomprehensible. They evidently have a case of "Pinkey."

### Newspaper Laws.

The following [illegible] laws laid down by the United States government for the protection of newspapers:

Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.

If subscribers order the discontinuance of their periodicals the publishers may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

If subscribers move to *other places* without informing publishers and papers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

The courts have decided that refusing to take periodicals from the office *before* removing, and leaving them uncalled for is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

If subscribers pay in advance they are bound to give notice to the publisher at the end of that time, if they do not wish to continue taking the paper, otherwise the publisher is authorized to send it on, and the subscriber will be responsible until an express notice, with payment of all arrears, is sent the publisher.

*Publishers of newspapers* can, under the law, arrest any man for fraud who takes a paper and refuses to pay for it. Under this law it is a dangerous trick for a man to allow his subscription account to run on for six months, or a year and a half unpaid, and then tell the postmaster to mark "refused" or to send the editor a notice to discontinue the paper.

### [illegible]

A telephone message was received here last Tuesday evening that Matthew G. Reilly had died at Little Valley, N. Y., very suddenly of heart disease, with which he had been troubled for a number of years. He left his home here last Saturday apparently in good health.

He was about 31 years of age, possessed of an unusually bright mind and many good qualities. The deceased leaves a widow, father, mother, three sisters and a brother to mourn his departure.

The funeral will be held at his father's residence to-day.

Some of the newspapers stated that he died of delirium tremens, which seems preposterous as with that trouble he was not liable to expire so suddenly.

### Consumption Positively Cured.

Mr. R. B. Greeve, merchant, of Chilhowie, Va., certifies that he had consumption, was given up to die, sought all medical treatment that money could procure, tried all cough remedies he could hear of, but got no relief; spent many nights sitting up in a chair; was induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery and was cured by use of two bottles. For past three years has been attending to business and says Dr. King's New Discovery is the grandest remedy ever made, as it has done so much for him and also for others in his community. Dr. King's New Discovery is guaranteed for coughs, colds and consumption. *It doesn't fail.* Trial bottles free at A. B. Armstrong & Co.'s drug store.

*Persons* who are troubled with indigestion will be interested in the experience of W. H. Penn, *chief clerk in the railway mail service* at Des Moines, Iowa, who writes: "It gives me pleasure to testify to the merits of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. For two years I have suffered from indigestion, and am subject to frequent severe attacks of pain in the stomach and bowels. One or two doses of this remedy never fails to give perfect relief. Price 25 and 50 cents; for sale by A. B. Armstrong & Co.

### For Sale.

Full blooded Jersey bull, 4 years old, sired by Jersey Monarch, No. 2521, dam, full blooded Jersey cow (eligable for registration) now owned by J. C. Hamlin of this place. Will be sold for cash or traded for other stock.

JAMES QUIRK,
Smethport, Pa.

tf

E. J. Smith, the popular music dealer of Olean, has a large number of second hand pianos that have been repaired and are as good as new, at prices ranging from $[illegible] to $300. Those in need of pianos and who do not feel justified in purchasing a high priced instrument can be suited at the store of Mr. Smith.

Mrs. Stark, Pleasant Ridge, O., says: "After two doctors gave up my boy to die, I saved him from croup by using One Minute Cough Cure." It is the quickest and most certain remedy for coughs, colds and all throat and lung troubles. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

J. E. Perkins of Antiquity, O., was for thirty years needlessly tortured by physicians for the cure of eczema. He was quickly cured by using DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, the famous healing salve for piles and skin diseases. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

[illegible]
[illegible]
With the [illegible] joy and cheer,
To the homes where peace and sunshine
Crown and bless each passing year.

Does it bring to all its blessing?
Or are there in this broad land
Those whose hearts are sad with weeping.
From the stroke of Death's cold hand?

Are there homes where Want reigns victor?
Where disease its curse has spread?
Where the little ones, in hunger,
Cry, "Our Father, give us bread"?

Does the demon Drink find entrance,
With its cold, death dealing blast?
Does it chill the hearts and deaden
Those into whose life 'tis cast?

As we sit in contemplation
Of the changes Christmas brings;
While the mind is not o'erburdened
With the thoughts of other things.

We admit we are not able
God's wise ways to understand,
And His wisdom ruleth over
This great universe He planned.

Yes, we must confess with sadness,
If, perchance, our homes are bright,
There are scores of homes around us
Christmas finds 'mid scenes of blight.

Only another Christmas,
But it brings its joy and tears.
Side by side with hearts of gladness,
There are hearts o'erflowed with fears.

Let us strive each passing Christmas,
Someone's burden to remove,
Someone's life to fill with brightness,
And the sunshine of His love.

Then when life on earth is ended,
And our lives in Heaven begun,
We shall hear the welcome message
From our Savior's lips, "Well done."

ROSEBUSH.

### PERSONAL MENTION.

R. C. Ryan left Tuesday morning for Watson.

Judge T. A. Morrison visited Bradford Monday.

E. M. Kerns was in the oil metropolis Monday.

C. W. Freeman of Bradford was in town Monday.

Commissioner Lemuel Davis visited Kane Monday.

Miss Folger of Geneva is a guest of friends in town.

Charles Moore of Bradford was in town Thursday.

Ira McQuistion of Rixford was in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Purtle spent Sunday in Buffalo.

Judge Henry Hamlin visited Olean last Wednesday.

Orlo J. Hamlin returned from Buffalo Wednesday.

Col. Lucius Rogers spent Sunday with his family here.

Ray Young returned to Philadelphia Monday night.

J. C. Cannon, Jr., of Lewis Run was in town Monday.

A. N. Lillipridge of Port Allegany was in town Thursday.

M. B. Greer and wife came down from Kane Wednesday.

A. W. Colegrove and E. T. Daly visited Olean last Wednesday.

Miss Verna Hafner returned to her studies at Clarion Wednesday.

J. B. Oviatt of Norwich made this office a pleasant call Monday.

Miss Lucy Wright was home from Fredonia during the holidays.

C. A. Burdick had business in Rixford and Duke Centre Monday.

William Rice of Norwich was transacting business in town Tuesday.

Mrs. Nehemiah Rice of Coryville was a caller at this office Tuesday.

G. W. Mitchell returned Monday night from a business trip to Ohio.

Miss Edna Keenan returned to Bradford Monday to resume her duties.

C. K. Sartwell of Olean spent Sunday with his brother, R. Sartwell.

J. Stewart and wife of Ridgway visited relatives in town over Sunday.

M. H. Byles of Bradford was a pleasant caller at this office Wednesday.

John Vanblad came up from Pottville and visited friends in town last week.

Allen Rice of Burtville was a most agreeable caller at this office last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan Gorton returned from Friendship, N. Y., Monday.

M. A. Lillibridge of Port Allegany was a guest at the Central Tuesday night.

W. A. Ostrander returned to Philadelphia Monday night to resume his studies.

T. F. Hungiville and T. H. Ryan drove to Ceres Tuesday on official business.

Mrs. A. T. Palmer returned last Wednesday from a week's visit at Salamanca.

Sandford L. Fry spent his holiday vacation with his parents in Buffalo last week.

Presiding Elder E. H. Lattimer of Olean was a pleasant caller at this office Tuesday.

E. W. Pierce of Buffalo spent New Year's with his brother, Dr. F. C. Pierce, of this place.

Att'y. H. E. Shaffer was a most agreeable caller at this office Wednesday. Come again.

C. B. Nesmith, editor of the Warren Democrat, was a most agreeable caller last Wednesday.

Roy Gifford returned to the Case School of Applied Science at Cleveland, O., Wednesday.

Miss Lulu Keenan returned to Buffalo Monday after spending the holidays with her parents.

Mrs. T. L. Sartwell and son, Roswell, of Eldred spent Sunday with R. Sartwell of this place.

Mrs. Alfred Sturdevant and daughter, Miss Bertha and Miss Grace Mason visited Olean friends Monday.

Mrs. Antoinette Horton of Johnsonburg was here last evening to install the officers of the W. R. C.

John Troy, the popular insurance agent of Olean, called last week and of course we have a fine calendar.

Miss Helen Smith of Kane spent her two weeks' vacation with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bush.

A. J. Warsholsky, with the Misses Rubin and Master Harry, enjoyed a pleasant drive to Mt. Jewett Tuesday.

The genial Hugh Brawley of Meadville arrived Wednesday and was kept busy greeting his many old friends.

B. F. Cory of Coryville, the newly appointed mercantile appraiser, was a pleasant caller at this office Tuesday.

Misses Maud Davis and Edna Church returned from a New Year's visit among Bradford relatives Monday night.

W. D. Gallup accompanied his daughter, Miss Rena, as far as Olean last Monday on her way to school at Fredonia.

Mrs. Jane L. Smith of Kane spent Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bush, returning to Kane Monday.

Mrs. H. S. Pravin of Farmers Valley returned home Tuesday night after a pleasant sojourn among friends in Midland, Mich.

W. P. Beckwith of Farmers Valley was a most agreeable caller one day last week. He is one of the thorough going farmers of Keating township.

Messrs. Warley Gifford and W. D. Gallup, with their esteemed better halves, went to Port Allegany Tuesday to look over Chet King's bill of fare.

Hon. H. H. North and wife of Bradford enjoyed a pleasant drive over the hills to the hub Tuesday. Mr. North was a most agreeable caller at this office.

County Treasurer T. B. Clark came over the hill from Bradford Monday to see that the county officials had sufficient funds to properly start business off in fair shape.

W. A. Young went to Morrisons Tuesday and brought to the poor farm David McDonald, an old veteran, who some time ago had his leg broken in the lumber woods.

W. H. Upper of Montecello, Ind., will fill the position of drug clerk in H. C. Wells' store during the absence of Foster Studholme, who is at Toronto taking a course in pharmacy this winter.

Mrs. M. B. Ford, Raddells, Ill., suffered for eight years from dyspepsia and chronic constipation and was finally cured by using DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills for all stomach and liver troubles. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Are you contemplating buying a Piano or Organ? Drop us a postal for free catalogue and lowest prices ever offered.

C. Willard & Co.,
Olean, N. Y.

[illegible]

[illegible] Brown, the [illegible] abducting Grace Lee [illegible] was captured at [illegible] yesterday and brought to [illegible] by Constable Tadder. He was given a hearing before Alderman [illegible] New Year's afternoon and was placed under $500 bail for his appearance at court, in default of which he was taken to Smethport Monday morning to await trial at the next term of court. *The story of the abduction as told by the two principal parties differs slightly as to outline* but is exceedingly rich in detail. Brown is also mixed up in the Wilder-Coles counterfeiting gang and was suspected of knowing something about the murder of Grant Alexander, who was killed at DuBois on the 7th of last August.

Miss Genevieve Weaver, daughter of W. R. Weaver of this city and one of the most talented vocalists of this city, left for New York Sunday evening where she will join Mr. Ethelbert Nevin with whom she will make a concert tour of the larger cities of the Union. While in New York recently Miss Weaver sang in Mr. Nevin's studio before the most eminent contemporary musicians, critics and composers, and they were unanimous in praise of her voice and predict for her a brilliant future. Mr. Nevin is known all over this country and Europe. Everybody is familiar with his charming composition "The Narcissus" and Miss Weaver sings his songs most delightfully.

A regular meeting of councils was held Monday night. The question of a municipal electric light plant was brought up and as the committee appointed to report on the subject were not ready, the subject was considered in a committee of the whole. After a heated argument the ordinance was reported favorably and ordered printed. Terrel, Whitehead and Paul were appointed a committee to confer with the Bradford Electric Lighting Company in regard to purchasing their plant. The nomination of Dr. James Johnston as a member of the Board of Health, vice Dr. C. D. Buss, deceased, was confirmed.

The excellent sleighing of the past few days has brought out all the fast steppers in town. Races are held on Boylston street every afternoon which are always viewed by a large crowd of interested spectators. A meeting of horsemen was called Tuesday evening for the purpose of completing arrangements whereby races may be held on the frozen creek. From the dam at Douglas mill to the B., R. & P. trestle is a straight sheet of ice nearly a quarter of a mile long which makes an excellent track for the flyers.

Edward Keister of Mt. Jewett, who several weeks ago was badly burned at that place by a fire caused by an exploded lamp and who has been at the hospital at this city ever since, has had to undergo an operation of skin grafting as the wounds were not healing properly. Dr. Johnson, assisted by Drs. Straight and King performed the operation, removed seven strips of skin from the man's thighs and grafted them on his arm. The operation bids fair to be a success.

The Salvation Army now located in this city are doing a noble work. Several young women have been rescued from lives of shame and many strayed sheep brought into the fold. The Army is contemplating the building of a brick barracks to contain the home of the soldiers as well as a place of worship. If help that is expected from headquarters is received the project will be carried out in the spring.

The B., R. & P. Railway received on New Year's day a new Dixon passenger engine, No. 15, which is one of the finest engines on the road and is attracting much attention from railroad men and machinists. The engine has an electric headlight and cab lights and generates its own power. This engine, which is certainly a mechanical wonder, will do passenger service between this city and Buffalo.

Jos. Cassidy, an escaped prisoner from Austin lockup, was arrested in this city by Chief of Police Ruddy and Officer Nilly. Monday morning Cassidy was a lumber jobber and was wanted for beating his employees out of their wages. He was captured on the roof of the Henderson House and handed over to the Potter county authorities.

The Pompelon Club had a very pleasant meeting at the Woman's Club rooms New Year's night. The different members spoke on the subject, "Reminiscences of Childhood," and told of their school days. The subject for next Saturday evening is "The Restriction of Immigration." An exciting debate is looked forward to.

The Orpheus Club New Years party given at Exchange Lyceum Monday evening was a brilliant social success. Jamison's orchestra furnished the music and the ladies of the Universalist church served supper. Many out of town guests were present among whom were Misses Lucy and Nellie Backus of Smethport.

The Chief of Police and his force of officers are installed in the lockup attached to the new city hall. The apartments of the Chief, his assistants and the detention room, hearing room, etc., are all right but the accommodations for prisoners are not what should have been provided.

A three day bicycle tournament was held last week at the Armory on Corydon street. The races started Thursday evening at 6 p. m. and continued till midnight Saturday. E. M. Wheeler of this city won first money, making in the three days' ride 281 miles, 7 laps.

In spite of all efforts to have our electric cars vestibuled the motormen and conductors are still facing the Klondike blasts that sweep down the valley, and will undoubtedly continue to do so till spring makes the vestibules unnecessary.

James Geary, an employee in the postoffice of this city, has gone to Washington to see about patenting a letter stamping machine, of which he is the inventor. The machine is a very clever device.

Col. Robert Ingersoll spoke to a large audience at the Wagner opera house last evening.

### ANNIN CREEK.

Mrs. Clark of Open Brook, the aged mother of Frank Clark, is lying dangerously ill at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Albert Burrows.

Mrs. Beckwith of Farmers Valley, who has been sick with cancer, has nearly recovered. Dr. Strobridge has been attending her.

Why not set up the cigars, Frank? The boys thought you would so did not come and see you.

D. P. Simmons of State Line Mills visited friends in Turtle Point and Open Brook last week.

Eugene and Ed. Crandall, who have been to work at Mt. Alton, have returned home.

C. F. Bush and daughter, Violetta, of Smethport visited *friends* here last week.

James Bentley, who has been working at Cross Forks this winter, is home again.

J. C. Case of Ceres visited John Murphy and family New Years day.

Lewis Knapp and mother moved into their new house on the corner.

Seneca Thompson, who has been very ill, is able to be around again.

### CLERMONT.

The Independent Gas Co.'s well No. 2 was drilled to the Kane sand Christmas morning. There was a light flow of gas, but sufficiently strong to tube and connect with the main line. It is probable that the third well will be down before spring.

Christmas and New Years at Clermont were rather quiet; not the usual amount of drinking and fighting going on as in previous years. Can it be that Clermont has turned a new leaf for the better?

The school board has awarded E. J. McKendrick the contract of transporting the school children from Wermwag, or Bayer's mill, to the Clermont school.

L. Bayer still continues on the sick list, and does not seem to improve very much. He has been ailing for the past six weeks.

A. V. Harvey has the lumber on the ground for a new house which he expects to erect early in the spring.

### RIDERVILLE.

Kittie Jones, Rilla Graham, Marie Crites and Anna Simpson were calling on friends at North Road last Wednesday.

George Simpson went to Bradford Saturday for the purpose of attending school.

The singing class is improving rapidly under the instructions of Mrs. Turk.

J. C. Duell, J. Parker and Wm. Grover returned from Turtle Point Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Lee returned from Stonem the first of the week.

Mrs. J. Marshall came home from Bradford the first of the week.

Mrs. Parks and daughter, Mabel, returned from Bradford Monday.

Marie Crites and Anna Simpson drove to Mt. Alton Monday.

W. J. Lee returned to his work Tuesday.

Wm. Finley is home from Kane now.

Go to Lemmler's for Robes and Blankets. He can suit you. Prices are right.

Do you need a Robe or Blanket. See Lemmler about it at once.

### Petition.

To the [illegible] Keating Township School Board:

We, the undersigned taxpayers and voters of Keating township, do hereby request that the school board of said township do furnish at once transportation to school (as required by law) for the scholars residing in Stickles, Reed and Kent Hollows. And we furthermore do respectfully remind the school board of said Keating township that, if this petition be disregarded, our next petition will be addressed to Judge Morrison, requesting the removal of said board from office and the appointment of men who will perform the duties of school directors in a manner satisfactory to the taxpayers.

| | |
|---|---|
| Nehemiah Rice | G. W. Rees |
| John J. Stewart | Joe Briggs |
| Wm. Caskey | Chas. L. Card |
| M. H. Foote | Robert Oliver |
| Geo. Rice | L. H. Galpin |
| F. E. Cleveland | Sam Oliver |
| L. A. Patterson | H. N. Wilcox |
| Jay Stickles | J. H. Hackett |
| D. Acre | Fred Conmer |

The progressive ladies of Westfield, Ind., issued a "Woman's Edition" of the Westfield News, bearing date of April 3, 1896. The paper is filled with matter of interest to women, and we notice the following from a correspondent, which the editors printed, realizing that it treats upon a matter of vital importance to their sex: "The best remedy for croup, colds and bronchitis that I have been able to find is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. For family use it has no equal. I gladly recommend it." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by A. B. Armstrong & Co.

### How to Look Good.

Good looks are really more than skin deep, depending entirely on a healthy condition of all the vital organs. If the liver be inactive, you have a bilious look; if your stomach be disordered you have a dyspeptic look; if your kidneys be disordered, you have a pinched look. Secure good health, and you will surely have good looks. "Electric Bitters" is a good alterative and tonic. Acts directly on the stomach, liver and kidneys. Purifies the blood, cures pimples, blotches and boils, and gives a good complexion. Every bottle guaranteed. Sold at A. B. Armstrong & Co.'s drug store. 50 cents per bottle.

### No Griping or Pains.

Arrowsmith, Ill., Jan. 21, 1897.

Dear Sir:—I have been bothered for 15 years with constipation and I have tried many preparations during that time. I commenced using Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin in the fall of 1895 and unhesitatingly say it is the best remedy I have ever found for my trouble. No griping or pains after taking. Yours, etc., Wm. Hurt. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

### A Cure for Lame Back.

"My daughter when recovering from an attack of fever, was a great sufferer from pain in the back and hips," writes Louden Grover of Sardis, Ky. "After using quite a number of remedies without any benefit she tried one bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and it has given entire relief." Chamberlain's Pain Balm is also a certain cure for rheumatism. Sold by A. B. Armstrong & Co.

*It is easy to catch a cold and just as* easy to get rid of it if you commence early to use One Minute Cough Cure. It cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, pneumonia and all throat and lung troubles. It is pleasant to take, safe to use and sure to cure. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Mrs. Mary Bird, Harrisburg, Pa., says, "My child it worth millions to me, yet I would have lost her by croup had I not invested twenty-five cents in a bottle of One Minute Cough Cure." It cures coughs, colds and all throat and lung troubles. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Lemmler has the best Robes and *Blankets*. Let him *show* them and quote you prices.

The finest of room moulding 50 varieties to select from. Call on L. Koenig Water street.

When in Olean if you desire a first-class meal for 25 cents call at the Palm Restaurant, 160 Union street.

## Branch Store,

At the Bridge.

H. Warshafsky

of East Smethport has open'd a store in the Stickles' building, and offers goods at very low prices.

A Good Stock

Of fresh fish, oysters, fine crackers and everything that you need in that line. I am here to *sell* goods and I mean to do it at prices that will make the public buy.

H. WARSHAFSKY,
Smethport, Pa.
Cor. Mechanic and Mill Sts.

TICKLED

Because I filled his tooth without pain.

I can do the same for you.

With the experience, the "know how," the facilities for best work.

Prices that are right.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Dentist.

Xmas Gifts!

Nothing Daintier Than

*Perfume.*

All prices, from 10c to $5.00.
One quality the finest money can buy. New Odors. See our Window.

H. C. WELLS, Druggist,
Smethport, Pa.

## THIS WEEK

opens up the new year, 1898, so does FORD'S RED FRONT open up the "no profit" sale of ready to wear

**CLOTHING FOR MEN, BOYS AND CHILDREN**

You can select any Suit, Overcoat, Ulster or Reefer in our store and the price asked you is just what is paid the manufacturers this fall. Underwear, Hats, Caps, Gloves, Mittens, Trunks and Valises, all must go the same way.

FORD'S RED FRONT,
158 Union Street.
OLEAN, - - NEW YORK.

A pair of Skates FREE with every boys' Suit, Overcoat or Reefer no matter how cheap the Suit, Overcoat or Reefer may be, you get the Skates just the same.

When at Store of **D. C. YOUNG** Buying Your

Hosiery, Underwear,
Dry Goods and Notions,
Boots, Shoes, etc.,

do not forget to look through the fine grocery department, where you will find many things to tempt you at very reasonprices, for instance—

| | |
|---|---|
| Maple Syrup, guaranteed pure, per gal, | $1.00 |
| Pure Buckwheat Flour, 25 lb. sack, | 60c |
| Fresh made Daisy Butter, per pound | 25c |
| Worcester Sauce, Durkee's Salad Dressing and Snider's Home-made Catsup, per bottle, | 25c |
| Coffee, per pound, | 12 to 35c |
| Tea, " " | 25 to 50c |

And there are other goods too numerous to mention at prices that cannot be beaten. Call and examine for yourself. Courteous treatment whether you buy or not. All goods bought and sold for cash.

D. C. YOUNG,
Jan. 4, 1898. Smethport, Pa.

## THE HARTFORD

Is the best **$50 WHEEL** in the world.

**BECAUSE** its frame is made of the famaus "Pioneer" fifty per cent Carbon Steel Tubling.

**BECAUSE** the other materials and the workmanship are equal to those of almost any bicycle made.

**BECAUSE** the model is practical as well as graceful, embodying all the features which experience has shown to be of advantage to the rider.

**Columbias, $60 and $75.**

*M. L. ARMSTRONG, Agent.*
SMETHPORT, PENN'A.

## Cash Prices R Not Tick Prices.

**Arbuckles Coffee 10c lb., mixed candies 10c lb. or 3 for 25c, walnuts 14c lb., Brazil nuts 10c, peanuts 5c qt. Ginger snaps and crackers, strictly A No. 1 and fresh, 6c lb. Matches, 9c dozen boxes, not 20c, and they are the best parlor. Clothes pins 1c doz.**

COME EARLY

Don't wait till the last day before Xmas. Now is your time to get your best selection of these fancy Imported China Novelties. They will not last at the prices they R marked. Don't wait! Come now.

There has never been so large an assortment of fancy and useful goods in Smethport as I now have.

A. E. STICKLES, Smethport, Pa.

## J. C. STULL

Farmers Valley.

New Goods! Lowest Prices!

My store is chock full of new goods and going at prices that are lower than ever before. Dry Goods, Groceries, Grain, Mill Stuff, Hardware, Gent's Furnishing Goods, Boots and Shoes and all kinds of Rubber Goods. Sole agent for Snag Proof Rubber Goods in this vicinity. Your patronage solicited. Yours Truly,

J. C. Stull.

## Fresh Home Made Candy at Brasted's

OYSTERS,
CANDIES,
CHOICE FRUITS.

## A [illegible] ROAD!

[illegible] come and go in the thronging street,
They gather the worldwide sun,
They tread the forest with eager feet,
They come like the sea bird free,
But we, in the mart of the clanging marts,
Drudge the dull hours away
For our [illegible]—for their need who are near our hearts—
(God help us!)—we have sold the day

The wind sings glad up the frosty sky
The dead clouds hurry over
The bleak gull swoops high veering by
And calls to his comrade rover
The swirling leaves toss free their gold
In the riot of wild November
And we who roamed with the winds of old
In our servile souls remember

O Brother Rome under the sun,
Who have sold for earthly hire
Rare heaven's hue and the sea's broad blue,
God's patrimony
[illegible] a way but this—to sit
Here, here—and to feel without
How the bloom glows green and the shrill gulls flit
And the plunging billows shout!

O Brother Rome who yearn for the sky
And dream of the splendors lost,
Who eat the bread ye have bought thereby,
Do ye count the bitter cost?
Though the stifled world our hosts bend low
Over their sordid task,
While the free winds blow and the rivers flow
And sun glad cattle bask.

But we, oh, pity us, Rome, brother—
We who have sold to you
The blessing of wood and ridging flood
And [illegible] dew—
We, in the midst of our clanging marts,
Drudge life's brief best away
For our needs—for their needs who are near our hearts
(God help us!)—we have sold the day
—Herbert Bates in Chap Book.

## LOVED HER FRIEND.

She had whispered, "Yes, Jack, I love you," in response to his question. His kisses were still warm on her lips. Their hearts were beating in unison, though not so tumultuously as before, and now that the first rapture and thrill were over they were asking questions and making their little confessions after the manner of lovers on the threshold of an engagement.

"How many times have I been in love before? Now, Jack, do you think that is a fair question?" she asked, meeting his look with a roguish glance.

"Why, certainly it is, Dora," he replied earnestly "You say you love me, so it doesn't really make any difference about the others. They're done for now, but I think I ought to know Still, if there are so many of them"—

"Please stop, Jack. I won't have you saying such dreadful things, and with that look on your face," she interrupted, playfully placing her hand over his mouth, but quickly withdrawing it when he attempted to kiss it.

"How dare you," she exclaimed, "after the way you've been talking?"

"Well, if you don't want me to say things why don't you answer my question?"

"Must I, Jack?"

"I am afraid you must, my dear."

"And you won't hate me after I tell you?"

"Well"—

"'That depends,' you are going to say. You needn't hesitate so long. I can read your thoughts."

"Can you? That's convenient for you, I'm sure. I wish I could read yours, then I'd know the answer to my question."

"Would you really like to know?"

"Why, yes, or I shouldn't have asked it."

"Well, Jack, if it will relieve your mind any to know it you have no predecessor."

"Are you sure, Dora?"

"Yes, Jack. You are the first and only."

"Thanks awfully, Dora. I'm glad to hear it, and now that question is settled we will"—

"Oh, no, my boy! You don't get off quite so easily as that! I want your confession now. About how many dozen times have you been in love, pray tell?"

Jack Vernon winced. He hadn't counted on this exactly

"Come, young man, you are now on the witness stand, sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth!" she continued banteringly

"Must I?" said Jack, helplessly repeating her question of a few minutes before.

"I am afraid you must, my dear," mimicked she.

"But I am afraid you will hate me after I confess."

"Is the record, then, so long?"

"No. It is a very short one. I have never loved but once—before."

"And she—she refused you?"

"No; I never asked her"

"Why not? You see, I want the whole story now"

"Because of pride. She was a wealthy heiress, I a penniless lawyer, with my fame and fortune yet to make. I loved her; I am not ashamed to say it. She was a woman that one could not help loving; she was all to me then that you are now, and"—

"And more. Go on and say it, Jack. I want the whole truth."

"No, I won't say that, but she was the [illegible] and love was a new sensation to me [illegible], and if I had been her equal in wealth and station I might—but, pshaw! What's the use of telling you all this? It is all over now Her love was not for me. I have put it aside—and, besides, I have you. But why are you looking so sober, Dora? Have I confessed too much? You wanted the whole truth, you know"

"Yes, and I am glad you were brave enough to tell it. How long ago was it that—that this happened?" she faltered.

"Three years."

"And her name?" she asked, in low tones.

"Need I tell that?"

"Yes, please," said Dora faintly

"Edith Burton."

Dora's face grew suddenly pale.

"I thought perhaps she was the one," she said in a voice that Jack scarcely recognized.

"Why, do you know her?" he exclaimed in surprise.

"I used to room with her at boarding school," answered Dora. She had regained control of her voice now "She is a good, noble woman, far better than I am, and I don't wonder that you love her."

"You mean loved," corrected Jack. "My love for her is in the past tense, not the present."

"'True love can never die,'" quoted Dora gravely. "Wasn't it the divine William who said that? But there, Jack, we have talked enough of love for one evening. Don't you think so?"

"But you haven't promised to marry me yet."

"You didn't [illegible] me that question. You simply asked me if I loved you, and you got your answer, I believe."

"And I am to take the rest for granted, eh?"

"Well, no. Nothing should be taken for granted in this world. I'll give you your answer, but not now I think I'd better send it to you in writing"

"My, my! How formal we are getting all at once. But, after all, I think I prefer it that way, then I can carry your note next to my heart for a mascot until you are mine for good and all. Shall I run over here for it tomorrow morning? I'm anxious to get it as soon as possible."

"No. I'll mail it to your office in New York."

"All right, Dora, and now just one before I go." He bent down and planted a kiss on her unresisting lips. "Good night, dear. Now, please forget that there ever was any other girl and don't look quite so sober the next time I call. I'll be over again Wednesday evening if nothing happens. Good night, Dora."

"Good night, Jack."

When Jack Vernon reached his office in [illegible] the next morning, he found Dora Stevens' note awaiting him. Tearing it open, he read:

[illegible], N. Y., [illegible].—Jack's [illegible] I [illegible] for you [illegible]

[illegible]ith the only woman you had a right to marry. After hearing your confession and knowing what I do I could never be happy with you. I know you think you are in love with me, but the tendrils of your heart are still intwined around that early love, and—and she needs you more than I do. I told you she was my school mate years ago. I still regard her as one of my dearest friends, and, though we have never met since we graduated, we have always kept up a correspondence. I inclose my latest letter from her, received two months ago. I did not know until tonight who the man was that she loves. I know now, and I wish you both all the joy that life in each other's society can bring you. Go to her Jack, and make her happy, and my blessing and prayers will go with you. Not good night this time, but good by! Ever your friend, DORA.

The inclosure ran as follows

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 14.

MY DEAR DORA—No, I am not engaged yet and never expect to be I have had plenty of chances to confer my hand and fortune especially the latter, upon aspiring applicants, but I have declined them all. I have never met a man I really cared for except one and I believe he cared for me at a time Perhaps he does yet but alas, he discovered that I was an heiress, and then pride (he was a young lawyer with plenty of brains and ambition, but no money) held him back. He loved me—my heart told me that—but fortune hunters were fluttering around me like moths around a candle, and I suppose he was afraid if he spoke he would be classed with the rest, just as though the alchemy of a woman's love could not detect the gold among the dross.

Ah well he is gone, and there's no use mourning for the past! I cannot help sighing, though to think that the very money which has attracted so many society moths should drive away the only man I ever loved!

There Dora you have my secret and know why I shall evermore a maiden be, but please don't tell. Wishing you a lover true some time, dear Dora (not being burdened with wealth you won't have so many unworthy ones as I) and hoping to hear from you soon I remain, with oceans of love, yours sincerely
EDITH BURTON

Late that afternoon Dora Stevens received the following brief message from Jack Vernon

MY DEAR DORA—Many thanks for your kind note and the inclosure. There are at least two angels left on earth. You are one of them. May heaven ever guard and bless you! Yours gratefully.
JACK

P S.—I start for Rochester at once and will mail this on my way to the train.

And as Dora read these words she smiled one little, wee ghost of a smile and whispered

"Better my heart than hers!"—William Seldon Gidley in Chicago Record.

## THE BLACK PRINCE'S ARMY.

### The Largest English Fleet Ever Assembled Took the Soldiers to France

Mr W O Stoddard's serial, "With the Black Prince," gives in St Nicholas an account of the splendid army that accompanied the prince to the battle of Crecy Mr Stoddard says

It was the largest English fleet yet assembled, and the army going on board was also the best with which any English king had ever put to sea. It consisted of picked men only Of these, 4,000 were men at arms, 6,000 were Irish, 12,000 were Welsh but the most carefully trained and disciplined part of the force consisted of 10,000 bowmen. During a whole year had Edward and his son and his generals toiled to select and prepare the men and the weapons with which they were to meet the highly famed chivalry of the continent. An army selected from a nation of perhaps 4,000,000 of people was to contend with an army collected from France with her 20,000,000, and from such allies of hers as Germany and Bohemia, re-enforced by large numbers of paid mercenaries. Among these latter were the crossbowmen of Genoa sold to Philip by the masters of that Italian oligarchy

Edward's adventure had a seeming of great rashness, for already it was reported that the French king had mustered 100,000 men. Full many a gallant cavalier in armor of proof may well have wondered to hear, moreover, that Edward III, accounted the foremost general of his time, proposed to meet superior numbers of the best lances of Europe with lightly armored men on foot. They knew not yet of the new era that was dawning upon the science of war Edward and his bowmen were to teach the world more than one new lesson before that memorable campaign was over Before this he had shown what deeds might be wrought upon the sea by ships prepared and manned and led by himself He had so crippled the naval power of his enemies that there was now no hostile fleet strong enough to prevent his present undertaking, although Philip had managed to send out some scores of cruisers to do whatever harm they could.

## FRIGHTENED AWAY.

### The First Man He Met In the Alaska Goldfields Scared Him Off.

"No," said a man who was sitting on a box in front of a grocery store, "I can't say as I know very much about Alaska."

His companions looked at him in astonishment. It was the first time he had ever admitted not knowing much about anything

"I reckon, then, that you're not thinking about going to dig for gold," said one bystander

"No."

"Mebbe, though, as the stories of sudden wealth keep pouring in you'll change your mind,' said another

"It won't be possible. I've been there.'

"And came back without getting rich?'

"Yes. I didn't much more than cross the boundary line before I turned around and struck for home."

"Scared?"

"That's the answer."

"What of—polar bears?"

"No."

"Supplies give out?"

"No I had plenty of food. What changed my plan was seeing a man digging a hole. I had these ideas about gold being found anywhere and everywhere, and I went up thinking to get some points about mining I asked him in an offhand way whether he had struck any pay dirt yet, and he turned around and glared at me and said, 'Young feller, what do you think I am digging this for?' I told him I thought he was digging for gold. He glared at me again and said 'Gold nothing. I'm doing this for fun. I've been living here for four years, and there's one thing that my curiosity has never been satisfied about. I'm going to dig this hole good and deep so as to allow plenty of room, and then find out just how far down this climate will make the mercury go.'"—Washington Star.

### His Answer.

"Tell me, am I not fair?"

The speaker leans back in her seat and smiles coquettishly

In truth the question seems superfluous.

As she sits there with the afternoon sun transfusing her glorious tresses into a stream of liquid gold, her eyes as blue as the heavens, fathomless as the sea and dancing with excitement, her lips of coral wreathed with a roguish smile, she is indeed transcendentally beautiful.

But the man seems blind to her loveliness. He regards her with a frowning brow and eyes that smolder with anger

Timidly she repeats her question.

"Am I not fair?"

Her companion's face grows black as thunder

"Fair!" he cries bitterly "Fair, when you open a jack pot with a ten"—

Rage chokes his utterance and with a passionate gesture he dashes the cards to the floor —San Francisco Examiner

### Valid Excuse.

She—How is it you were not at Westend's reception?

He—I staid away on account of a personal matter

She—May I ask what it was?

He—Will you promise to keep it secret?

She—Yes.

He—Well, they failed to send me an invitation.—Collier's Weekly

Imitation slates, made of compressed wood pulp, are used for roofing in Christiania. They are made waterproof by a secret process.

## A CLOSE OBSERVER.

### THE YANKEE DRUMMER'S STRAIGHT TALK ABOUT EUROPE

### Information About London, Paris and Germany From a Big Red Haired Man—He Says He Kept His Eyes Open—Do You Think He Did?

"Greater New York is going to be bigger than London [illegible]," remarked the little man in the cross seat with an air of wisdom

"No, siree, it isn't," said the big red haired man who sat alongside of him as he dusted an invisible speck from his new coat "It won't be a marker to London I've been there."

"What—to London?"

"Sure I have It was three years ago and I know what I'm talking about Now it's a strange fact that there are some fellows in our business that'll travel all around and never see anything I always keep my eyes open in strange towns. It gives a man things to talk about and it broadens him"

The little man began to eye his companion with new interest He pondered his sage words for a minute and said

"How'd it happen?"

"Why, it came about just after I left you at St Louis. I returned to New York and brought back with me $60,000 worth of orders. That pleased the firm, I can tell you for no one was doing any business in those days Our foreign buyer was ill and as I was pretty well posted on what the trade wanted the firm said to me

"'Here, Jones, you go over to the continent and do our buying this winter' Did I go? Well does a duck swim?"

"Where did you go?" asked the little man

"London Paris and Germ'ny"

"Say what kind of a town is London anyway? I've always wanted to know."

"Well I'll tell you on the level It's a bum, two for a cent place. It's no good, and that's straight. I've been there. Don't you let anybody fool you about it. You can read all of this jubilee stuff you want and if any one tells you London is any good you just tell him that Jones said it was on the bum.

The little man's face brightened up, evidently from the delight of getting authoritative statements first hand and with the air of a man who wanted to improve each shining hour and add to his stock of knowledge he said

"Tell me about London Is it anything like New York?

"Not a bit I know all about the town It's 25 years behind the times. It's like New York was before the war Why honest now, there are whole rows of houses that look like they were falling down The streets are dirty and crooked and all houses are built flush with the street I couldn't do any business there at all They are a saving lot, those English.

Did you see any fine buildings?

'Not one except a church or two. Now what I'm telling you is honest. There isn't a building in the whole town worth seeing and if there was you couldn't see it half the time It's a dirty, foggy place and not fit to live in. It's an old apple woman of a town Everybody in London drinks ale or gin I'm telling you straight, it's on the bum

"Paris is bigger, isn't it?"

"Well—er—no. Not exactly bigger London is a whaling big place and don't you make any mistake I rode right straight ahead one day from 7 in the morning until 3 in the afternoon, and I was in London all the time Paris is different. I got some great bargains there '

'Did you take your wife with you to Paris?'

'No, she staid in New York because I was going on business I can tell you all about Paris, and you can rely on it, for I've been there.

The little man's eyes brightened in anticipation and he said

"Tell me all about it—everything."

"Paris said the big man in the tone of a platform orator 'is all right, and you can say that I said so You can live there and see the town on 10 francs a day—that is $2—good living too Sleeping costs you 40 cents a night and you get a room that would cost you $1 50 in New York Interpreter? Now, that's nonsense that you've read. There were four of us in the party and when we started out we hired an interpreter When we'd taken about two of them French drinks—cognacks they call 'em, sort of brandies they are—we gave the interpreter the grand bounce and we didn't see him again Three of those cognacks will make you talk French like a native Fact because I tried it. Four of them will make you feel as if you had taken a $10 000 order for goods that the firm wanted to get rid of

"Did you see any interesting buildings or places?

Saw the whole outfit, and it's no great shakes. The Paris boulevards are pretty fine though.'

The little man looked disappointed at his friend's meagerness of detail Then he remembered Germany and he asked his friend what he had seen there

'Now you are getting right into my stamping ground said the big man "Germany beats them all. I went to Berlin, and, say I bought a line of satinets there that netted the firm $70 000 Now, what do you think of that? Was not that a good stroke? Oh I tell you Germany is my stamping ground!

"What interested you there?"

"Why, I saw everything and how the Germans drink beer' If I hadn't been afraid that those satinets would go out of fashion, I'd have made a bigger stroke on them Now don't you let any one fool you about those places. Just come to me and I'll put you straight I tell you I believe in traveling with my eyes open What's the good of traveling if you don't learn something? I'll be out on the road in a month, and perhaps I'll run across you. Here's my station. Goodby old man'—New York Sun.

### The Birth of the "Greater" New York.

With the dawn of the new year the Greater New York is ushered into the world a full grown giant. The problem of municipal government in this country is to be put to the test on the grandest scale Within its present limits is contained a population equal to that of thirteen of our sovereign states at the time of the original census and as large as that of the original thirteen states when the union was organized. [illegible] for the life and health of this vast multitude of a [illegible] millions [illegible] is an unsolved problem, but judging by the experience of half a century's success the hands of sufferers in New York and elsewhere can be wrested from the grasp of that agonizing complaint dyspepsia by the timely and systematic use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters which moreover is a preventive of malaria and kidney trouble and a sovereign curative of liver complaint, constipation, dyspepsia, debility, sick headache and nervousness. It is a [illegible] appetizer and promoter of sleep, [illegible] convalescence, and counteracts the infirmities of age

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A transaction in which you cannot lose is a sure thing Biliousness sick headache furred tongue fever piles and a thousand other ills are caused by constipation and sluggish liver Cascarets Candy Cathartic the wonderful new liver stimulant and intestinal tonic are by all druggists guaranteed to cure or money refunded C C C are a sure thing Try a box today 10e 25e 50e Sample and booklet free All druggists

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T F Anthony Ex Postmaster of Promised City Ills says "I bought one bottle of Mystic Cure for Rheumatism and two doses of it did me more good than any medicine I ever took" Sold by A. B. Armstrong Druggist, Smethport

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Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever 10c, 25c. If C.C.C. fail, druggists refund money

## THE DIFFERENT ELMS

### Four Species, All [illegible]

The [illegible] as ab[illegible] country, especially [illegible] that most people [illegible] that an elm is an elm, and one is about as good as another, but the practical woodworker discriminates very carefully between the different species in ordering his supply of timber, and it would be better for the future of our country if every individual planting an elm tree should adopt the same policy Where other qualifications than beauty enter into the selection of elms for planting it will be well to observe the following from Country Gentleman

The most common elm is the Ulmus americana, or American elm, which goes also by the name of white elm soft elm and water elm The beauty of this tree is well known and its popularity as a shade tree is well deserved In recent years the timber of the soft elm has come into great demand for making furniture as a substitute for oak The wood is strong tough and close grained and the figure produced by the grain greatly resembles quartered oak and when stained with umber it readily passes for oak

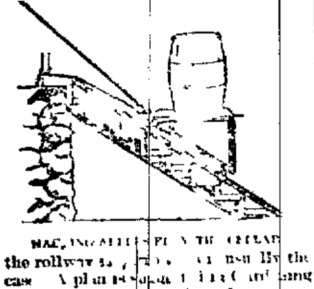
The rock elm is the best species for the manufacturer and all the best wagon hubs are made from it It is a wood that cannot be split under any circumstances, and it is for this distinguishing feature that it is in great demand by wheelwrights and makers of bicycle rims. When young and growing, the rock elm looks very much like the white elm but the tree seldom grows quite as large and is not quite as handsome. The trees are easily distinguished apart either by the grain or the bark. The grain of the soft elm is large and coarse and that of the rock elm close and fine. The bark of the rock elm is rougher and furrowed with more scales than the soft elm The tree does not grow naturally in New England, except in a few isolated places, but it has been planted quite freely and is known in different sections as the hickory elm, cliff elm, cork elm and very often as white elm

There is a closer resemblance probably between the rock and slippery elms than between the former and the white elm The slippery elm is quite as heavy as the rock although inferior in quality and totally unsuited to the needs of the wagon manufacturer It splits much more readily and would never do for hubs. Slippery elm or moose elm is found occasionally in New England but it is much more common in the south and west The tree never attains the size of either the rock or white elm and is consequently inferior to either as a shade or ornamental growth

A fourth elm that is found, chiefly in New England was transplanted from England by the early settlers. It is a distinctly English elm and is known as the Ulmus alata and called the wahoo elm. It is almost as abundant as the American elms in [illegible] two distinct varieties are found in New England This tree makes very good furniture wood, but it does not equal the rock elm for wagon manufacturing It is about as tough and hard as the American or white elm and [illegible] used extensively by the manufacturers of furniture

### Taking Apples From a Cellar

The [illegible] in the cellar [illegible] be carried up the [illegible] two [illegible] —a matter of no little difficulty w[illegible]



MAC. [illegible] CELLAR

the rollway is [illegible] case A plan [illegible] by which the barrels of apples are carried to the surface with but little lifting and without jarring the fruit The diagram [illegible] the [illegible] truck that is mounted on two rollers is pressed [illegible] need be [illegible] it higher than is actually necessary. The rollers run on a wide plank that rests on the edges of the stair treads

The same arrangement will be found equally serviceable in putting apples into the cellar in the fall and for use with vegetables, etc

### Brief Mention.

There is a shortage in the New England cranberry crop.

A Massachusetts correspondent of American Cultivator claims that water used as a spray in irrigating land is more valuable than the best of manures on the soil.

The New Jersey Fruit Exchange is incorporated under the laws of New Jersey It has a president secretary and treasurer and is managed by a board of directors. The headquarters are at Flemington It was organized in 1880

Soils are said sometimes to be "sour, and lime is recommended to correct their acidity In most cases a good underdrain will effect a permanent cure according to American Cultivator

Secretary Wilson calls attention to the value of oat hay as a cultivated forage crop.

The yield of sweet corn as put up at the Maine canning factories was only from half to two thirds of the usual yield.

### PILES PERMANENTLY CURED

### In from 3 to 5 days time

[illegible] One bottle guaranteed to cure any case of piles [illegible] what you have tried [illegible] Lo-Mo gives permanent cure [illegible] obtained in the most severe cases in less than 5 days time After all others fail get Lo-Mo and be cured Price 75c per bottle Sold by all first-class druggists, or sent prepaid to any address on receipt of price Address Harry Logue, Williamsport, Pa.

### Relief in Six Hours.

Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "New Great South American Kidney Cure This new remedy is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy Sold by A. B. Armstrong Druggist Smethport Pa

### Rheumatism Cured in a Day.

"Mystic Cure" for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits, 75 cents. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, Smethport

### Two Millions a Year

When people buy, try and buy again it means they're satisfied The people of the United States are now buying Cascarets Candy Cathartic at the rate of two million boxes a year and it will be three million before New Year's. It means merit proved that Cascarets are the most delightful bowel regulator for everybody the year round All druggists, 10c 25c 50c a box cure guaranteed.

Prosperity comes quickest to the man whose liver is in good condition. De Witt's Little Early Risers are famous little pills for constipation, biliousness, indigestion and all stomach and liver troubles. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

O[illegible] Minute Cough Cure [illegible] A B Arm[illegible]

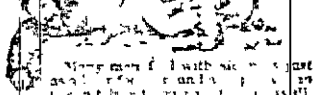
[illegible]

[illegible] a [illegible] Victoria Nyanza, for the Waganda and other tribes had been killing white men and if they did not murder Junker they would at least detain him as a prisoner Arab traders would not take him in their caravans for fear they would lose the friendship of the native chiefs along the road At last the doctor went to one of the traders with this proposal

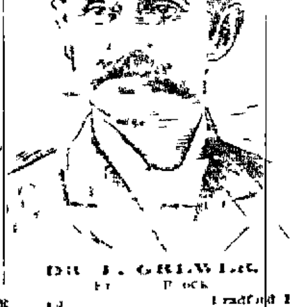
"You can't take me with you as a friend [illegible] but you can take me as a slave [illegible]" And Dr Junker [illegible] a contract [illegible] written in Arabic [illegible] known [illegible] in Zanzibar [illegible] to make by the [illegible] the chiefs of central Africa and the terms of [illegible] his crafts

"Now," continued Dr Junker, "I have written out a contract and if you will sign it with me I shall reach the coast. It provides that when you deliver me alive at Zanzibar the sum of $1,500 (Austrian thalers) will be paid to you by this firm You cannot take me with you as a traveler or a friend, and you must therefore take me as a slave"

The bargain was made on this basis. In passing through the hostile tribes the white man was represented to be a slave who had been purchased from a negro tribe farther north As a slave he passed muster even at the court of cruel King Mwanga and was allowed to pass on in peace with his supposed master —Harper's Round Table.



[illegible] men [illegible] with [illegible] just [illegible] the Discovery [illegible] muscle [illegible] A full [illegible] The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser [illegible] to pay [illegible] R V Pierce [illegible] Main Street Buffalo N Y [illegible] cloth [illegible] Discovery [illegible] like a new man



DR. J. GR[illegible]

[illegible] Bradford Pa.

[illegible]

### Diseases of the Nervous System

[illegible]

**Are You Losing Your Hair?**

It Stops falling hair and invigorates the scalp. Removes Dandruff. It is a positive cure for every disease [illegible] No more gray hair after using [illegible] Contains no oil, Is not sticky or gummy. Price $1.00. For sale at all drug stores or by

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TRAVELER'S GUIDE

TIME TABLE
WESTERN NEW YORK AND PENNSYLVANIA
In effect April [illegible]

Trains leave Smethport for Larrabee, Eldred, Olean, Bradford, Rochester and Buffalo as follows:

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday 9:26 a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday 2.46 p m
Local for Olean daily except Sunday 12 [illegible] m
*Train leaving Smethport [illegible] p m connects at Olean with River Division for Allegany Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg

For Clermont, and points south
*Clermont Local daily ex Sunday 8:20 a. m.
Clermont Accom daily ex Sunday 12.17 p m
Clermont Accom daily ex Sunday 1 16 p. m.
*Clermont Local connects through to Johnsonburg

For Larrabee, Port Allegany Coudersport and points south
Mail daily ex Sunday 11:00 a. m
Mail daily ex Sunday connects at Em[illegible] for Philadelphia 6.20 p m

Get Time Tables giving full information from A. E. [illegible] Ticket Agent
[illegible] Gen'l Sup't
[illegible] FELLOWS Gen Pass'r & T'k Ag
General offices Mooney Brisbane Bldg, Cor. Main and Clinton sts Buffalo N.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE. In effect Nov [illegible]

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD

[illegible] a m—Train 8, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia [illegible] New York 9.[illegible] p m Baltimore 6 00 p m Washington 7 1[illegible] Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

3 [illegible] p m—Train 6, week days for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4 30 a m New York 7 [illegible] a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7.30 a. m

9:00 p. m —Train 4 daily for Sunbury Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 6 52 a. m. New York 9.33 a. m. week days (10.3[illegible] a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 6:20 a m Washington 7 40 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore. Passengers in sleeper for Baltimore and Washington will be transferred into Washington sleeper at Williamsport.

WESTWARD

5 10 a m —Train 9 week days for Erie, Ridgway DuBois Clermont and intermediate stations
10 0[illegible] a. m —Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations
6 2[illegible] p m —Train 15 week days for Kane and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS for EMPORIUM JUNCTION FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH

[illegible]

[illegible] WEEK DAYS.

| A. M. | STATIONS | A. M. |
|---|---|---|
| [illegible] | [illegible] | 11 50 |
| [illegible] | [illegible] | 11 30 |
| [illegible] | [illegible] | 11 20 |
| [illegible] | [illegible] | 11 16 |
| [illegible] | [illegible] | 11 4 |
| [illegible] | [illegible] | 11 0 |
| [illegible] | [illegible] | 10 5 |
| 9 35 | Woodvale | 10 46 |
| [illegible] | Clermont | 10 41 |
| A. M. |  | A. M. |

[illegible] are made with train 3 leaving [illegible]

J. B. HUTCHINSON, [illegible] Gen. Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Gen. Pass'r Agt.

Buffalo Rochester & Pittsburgh Railway
THE SHORT LINE

[illegible] passenger trains between Bradford, Rochester, Salamanca, Bradford, Ridgway, DuBois, Punxsutawney and the Coal and Lumber Regions of Pennsylvania, [illegible] Mt. Jewett daily except Sunday as follows.

LEAVE BRADFORD—EAST BOUND
[illegible] a m.—Buffalo & Rochester Express—For Salamanca, Ellicottville, Springville, Colden, Buffalo, Machias, Gainesville, Silver Springs, Warsaw, LeRoy and Rochester
12 [illegible] p m —Mail—For Salamanca Ellicottville, Springville, Glen Buffalo Machias Gainesville Silver Springs Warsaw, LeRoy and Rochester
3.45 p m —Buffalo Express—Daily For Limestone Carrollton Salamanca, Ellicottville, Springville Colden and Buffalo.

LEAVE MT. JEWETT—SOUTH BOUND
[illegible] a m —Accommodation—For Johnsonburg Ridgway Brockwayville DuBois and Punxsutawney
1 [illegible] p m —Mail—For Johnsonburg Ridgway, Brockwayville, DuBois and Punxsutawney
Thousand Mile Tickets good for passage between all stations at two cents per mile.
Passengers are requested to purchase tickets before entering the cars. An excess charge of TEN CENTS will be collected by Conductors when fares are paid on trains from all stations where a Ticket Office is maintained.
For time tables and full information call on or address any of the Company's agents, or
I. H. McINTYRE Agent Bradford, Pa
EDWARD C. LAPEY
Gen'l Passenger Agent
Rochester N. Y.

BUFFALO & SUSQUEHANNA R. R.
TIME TABLE
Took effect Monday, June 15th 1[illegible]

| [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | STATIONS | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | Keating | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] |
| [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | Cowley June | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] |
| [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | Austin | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] |
| [illegible] | [illegible] | 6 50 | Costello | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] |
| [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | Wharton | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] |
| [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] |
| [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | Hull | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] |
| [illegible] | [illegible] | 6 05 | Cross Fork Jc | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] |
| [illegible] | [illegible] | 5 31 | Germania | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] |
| [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | Galeton | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] |
| [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | Ansonia | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] |

[illegible]

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY R R
Read Time Table [illegible] effect Monday [illegible]

| A. M. | A. M. | P. M. | STATIONS | A. M. | P. M. | A. M. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| [illegible] | [illegible] | 2 10 | Ulysses | [illegible] | 2 50 | 10 15 |
| [illegible] | [illegible] | 2 10 | Lewisville | [illegible] | 2 40 | 10 17 |
| [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | Carpenters | [illegible] | [illegible] | 10 0 |
| [illegible] | [illegible] | 1 55 | Perkins | [illegible] | 2.45 | [illegible] |
| [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] |
| [illegible] | [illegible] | 1 45 | Newfield | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] |
| [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] |
| [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] |
| [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] |
| [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] |
| 7 10 | [illegible] | [illegible] | Frinks | [illegible] | [illegible] | 11 45 |
| [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | Coudersport | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] |
| [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] |
| [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | Olmsted | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] |
| [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] |
| [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | Knowlton | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] |
| [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | Roulette | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] |
| [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | Burtville | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] |
| [illegible] | [illegible] | 12 17 | Coleman | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] |
| [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | Port Allegany | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] |
| [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | Depart Arrive | A. M. | P. M. | P. M. |

[illegible] run on eastern standard time
B. A. McCLURE

Bradford Bordell and Kinzua Ry.
Time Table taking Effect [illegible]

LEAVE SMETHPORT

8 20 A. M—Mail and Express daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Janet, [illegible], Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane connecting with P. & W. [illegible] and Pittsburg

1 [illegible] A. M.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby Junction [illegible] Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane

6 [illegible] P. M.—Mail and Express daily except Sunday for Ormsby Junction, [illegible] Bradford, Mt. Jewett [illegible] Kane with [illegible] for [illegible] Ridgway, Emporium, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia—and at Bradford with Erie R. R. train for Salamanca, Olean, Hornellsville, Elmira and New York

Trains arrive [illegible] daily except Sunday at 9 [illegible] a. m. [illegible] p. m. and [illegible] p. m.
JNO. C. McKENNA
Gen Pas Agent,
Bradford Pa

ST. MARYS & SOUTHWESTERN R. R.
To take effect at [illegible] a. m. Monday, August 17 1896.

| South | South | Stations | North | North |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 15 |  | Clermont | 12 30 |  |
| 1 18 |  | Clermont Tank | 12 25 |  |
| [illegible] |  | Wildwood | 12 [illegible] |  |
| [illegible] |  | North Fork | 11 45 |  |
| 2 1 |  | [illegible] Fork | 11 |  |
| [illegible] |  | [illegible] | 11 [illegible] |  |
| [illegible] | 7 40 | Ar St. Marys Lv | 10.55 | 6 15 |
| [illegible] | [illegible] | Kaul | 10.20 | 6 12 |
| [illegible] | [illegible] | Dotsch | 10 41 | 6 09 |
| 2 50 | 7 55 | Croll | 10 [illegible] | 6 05 |
| [illegible] | [illegible] | Gilden | 10 [illegible] | [illegible] |
| 3 0 | [illegible] | Paine | 10 30 | 5 50 |
| 3 06 | 8 11 | Centreville | 10 30 | 5 40 |
| 3 1 | 8 16 | Dagus Crossing | 10 15 | 5 [illegible] |
| 3 16 | 8 [illegible] | Shelvey Summit | 10 17 | 5 34 |
| 3 21 | 8 29 | Cuneo | 9 58 | 5 14 |
| 3 2[illegible] | 8 33 | Thompson | 9 48 | 5 10 |
| 3 31 | 8 37 | Curry | 9 41 | 5 02 |
| 3 37 | 8 4[illegible] | Brandy Camp | 9 31 | 5 00 |
| 3 40 | 8 47 | Elbon | 9 24 | 4 44 |
| 3 46 | [illegible] | Hyde | 9 10 | 4 37 |
| 4 03 | 9 01 | Shawmut | 9 1[illegible] | 4 23 |
| p m | a m |  |  |  |

NOTICE.

To Commissioners and supervisors of McKean and adjoining counties I am now prepared to furnish iron or steel bridges of any size or duplicate any bridge that will furnish complete entire structure. Will furnish plans and specifications on application
A. REILLY, Contractor
Smethport, Pa.
[illegible]